Photo by The Biograph Company.

TO NORMA WHALLEY.

Naught do I ask of thee, save this,
And is it, dear, too much?—
Just now and then thy face to see,
Sometimes thy hand to touch?

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The discovery that this sweet young lady is no more and no less than a young man, has broken the hearts of scores of men who have fallen in love with her—or rather his—pretty face.

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This young man, the belle who is a beau, was not born within sound of Bow Bells, but was born and bred in Boston.

A BELLE WHO IS A BEAU

Perhaps the only Man-Actor in the World able to take the Part of a really Pretty Girl.

By Simon Gregory.

"Why, what a pretty girl. Who can she be?" These remarks were frequently heard at private and other amateur theatricals in the delightful city of Boston the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. Further investigation of the programme revealed the fact that the pretty girl in question answered to the name of Mr. J. D. Eltinge.

We are used to the young lady in pink tights, who carries a harmless air gun, and informs us every Christmas that she is Robinson Crusoe! We also know her mother, the low comedian with a red nose, who gets knocked down every other moment by his brother comedian. But we have seldom seen a man who can completely disguise himself, and, in the dainty costume of a modern maiden, captivate the hearts of all the men.

But this is really the case, for Mr. J. D. Eltinge, not content with playing men's parts, dons a pretty dress, covers his natural locks with a beautiful wig, and delights the Boston audiences with entrancing songs and delicious dances in the character of a petticoated and befrilled young lady. His voice is a full, rich contralto, carefully trained and well modulated. His figure is slight and graceful, his complexion is clear, and his dancing superb. In fact, the success of the *tout ensemble* is complete.

Indeed, so altogether attractive is he, that all the men who see him dancing, and hear his songs heave a sigh of regret when they realise that this "pretty girl" is of their own sex and will shortly be on view in the streets on business bent, in the garb of a common or garden male man.

Mr. Eltinge, who is no professional, but acts merely for the love of acting, began his theatrical career, as have so many before him, in the humble capacity of a chorus "girl." He describes his first rehearsal as a very trying ordeal. The company he joined was one entirely composed of young men, all of whom were his senior by some years, the piece being a version of "The Three Musketeers" and had been in rehearsal for some weeks.

The stage manager noticed at once the brightness and skill of the lad's singing and dancing, and Eltinge found himself shifted first to the front row of the chorus, and placed

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Mr. Eltinge has all the necessary feminine charms — fine eyes, lovely complexion, graceful arms. Only his hair is false.

at the end of the line, where, as the whole world knows, the pretty girl stands, who is given one line to say, and the premier dancing part in the piece.

Mr. Eltinge soon climbed to the top of the tree, many *ingénue* and other leading *rôles* falling to him. His greatest hit was in a pretty comedy entitled "Miss Simplicity," in which he played the title *rôle* with tremendous success. "Miss Simplicity" is a fascinating young lady from France, boasting a good strain of Royal blood, who, on being told she is to marry an English nobleman whom she had never seen, flees to a secluded country place. However, the two young people meet here, fall in love, and the bright little piece ends happily, as all well-ordered plays should, in orange blossoms and wedding bells.

Most delightful, too, was the talented young man in the ballet of "Fairyland," in soft grey gauze and sash, dancing in company with a score of real girls. Mr. Eltinge's dance in this piece was pronounced by everyone to be the most artistic of the series, twenty fine ballets and dances in all.

His first leading part came to him in a very amusing manner. He was engaged to do the premier dancing part in a piece called "The Omero," given by a leading social club in the town of Malden. At the first rehearsal the leading lady failed to put in an appearance, and, while the management were at their wits' ends how to fill the gap, young Eltinge stepped forward and gallantly offered to take the part. Needless to say, so successful was this talented young man that the leading lady received a wire with the information that her services were no longer required.

But in spite of all his successes, in the face of the persuasions of his friends and many admirers, Mr. Eltinge refuses to become a professional actor, even though, undoubtedly, he would step at once to the front.

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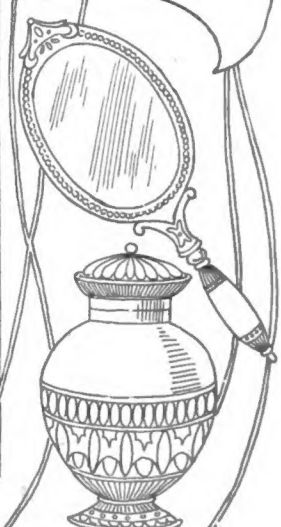
Who would believe that this young lady—charming alike in face and figure—was a mere man? Yet she is!

Miss Simplicity—the charming little heroine of a comedy—was charmingly played by Mr. Eltinge.

Mr. Eltinge's first stage appearance was as a chorus-girl. He had the chief dancing part in the chorus, as he was considered the prettiest girl in it.



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THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE

The Moth fell in love with the Candle—
Completely lost his head,
As he fluttered his wings around her
"How pretty you are!" he said.
But the Candle took no notice,
Looked on him as a bore;
For if the truth must be spoken,
She had had many flames before!

"Be mine!" the deluded insect
Appealed in tone of pain.
Alas! for his burning passion,
He singed his wings in vain.

"Ah me," he sighed when dying,
"Will you shed no tear for me,
When you know, hard-hearted Candle,
I have died for love of thee!"

Touched by his fate, the Candle
For her lover compassion felt,
She found herself beginning
With pity for him to melt!
Alas! too late she regretted
She'd chosen his love to flout,
For just at that moment the servant
Came by — and blew her out!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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A COMEDY OF SOUND

BY

GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER

I.

ALL those who happened to be lounging about the entrance hall on the afternoon that the pretty widow arrived at Llanfrolich Hydro were unanimous in forming three conclusions. Firstly, that Mrs. Selmont-Ackers came from London; secondly, that her marital bereavement was not of a recent date; and, thirdly, that if the extent of her wardrobe tallied with the amount of her luggage, the pretty widow might reasonably be expected to alter her raiment as frequently as a quick-change variety artist.

As she swept hurriedly down the long lounge-lined corridor a volley of speculations and deductions were passed on from seat to seat.

"She can't have come for treatment" . . . "Doesn't look rheumatic" . . . "Perhaps she's afraid of getting stout" . . . "Very likely come to show off her gowns" . . . "Possibly on the look-out for No. 2!" . . . "Be careful *you* don't succumb, Mr. McCanny!" . . . "Ah! no, not much fear of that, she's a bonny lass, but something a bit homelier for me, thank-ye!" . . . "Ripping fine hair" . . . "My *dear* John, which part, the top or the roots? Such a very *evident* case of peroxide" . . .

"Wonder if she's staying over Christmas" . . . "If so, that tea-gown will do for the Fancy Dress Ball. Ha! ha!" . . . "Well, what do *you* think, Mr. O'Hara?" "Ach! shure it's a deal that I'm for thinkin', and less that I'm for sayin', but I know one thing certain, I'm after tippin' that rogue of a head waiter that the seat next me at table shan't be lonesome any more!" . . . "I shouldn't wonder if she's an actress '*resting*'" . . . "Or a journalist hunting for 'copy'" . . . "Well, whatever she is, be careful, girls, that you don't get led into conversation with her until your father or I have found out all about her," etc., etc., *ad lib.*

Had clairvoyance been amongst the gifts bestowed upon the authors of the foregoing wonderings, a concentration of mind-insight upon the letter that, an hour later, Mrs. Selmont-Ackers sealed and posted, would have been a considerable help towards the allayment of further speculation. It ran:—

Llanfrolich Hydro,
North Wales.

VERY DEAREST LILLA,

Kindly address a long letter as soon as possible to this very unexpected note-paper heading. I can see you opening dangerously wide those onyx-brown eyes of yours and wondering why on earth I'm here. Well, I'll tell you. As you know, I have been in receipt annually of over one hundred and seventy offers of marriage for the last two years; that is to say, about three every week, and a few extra on Sundays. True, they have all emanated from one person—Reggie Jones—but no matter.

Of course it seems almost criminal to contemplate changing such a nice, *distingué*, hyphenated, double-barrelled name as "Selmont-Ackers" for ordinary unembellished, undecorated "Jones," but after all, it's the man, not the name, which affects one's life happiness, and I've grown into a sort of feeling for Reggie that makes me think existence without him would be rather like a symphony minus a *motif*. However, as you so well know, Lilla, my first marriage was not a feast decorated with thornless rose-garlands, so it behoves me to be very careful before making a second hymeneal venture, and it is for the sake of taking all due precautions that I have come to Llanfrolich.

Now, it is my opinion that before marrying a man one should spend at least a week under the same roof with him so as to catch all involuntary little side-lights upon uncontrolled outbursts of character—to observe his breakfast moods, his restraint after an annoying post, his jealousy-control, his method of warding off admiring female onslaughts, his patience if kept waiting, his consideration towards servants, and a dozen other semi-domestic details that so essentially affect married life, and are so impossible to observe unless one is staying at the same house.

Unfortunately all our Christmas invitations were for different places, so a hydro presented itself to me as the only way out of my difficulty. It has

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many elements of home life, many opportunities for continual companionship and observance of personal peculiarities quite unobtainable elsewhere; so last time Reggie put the serial question (which is always continued in our next) I told him to meet me at Llanfrolich Hydro on December 17th—he comes to-night—and I would give him his answer on the 24th. Not knowing my reason, I feel sure this sudden Welsh migration is incomprehensible to him—but I must say he took it very well.

I will let you know how things progress, and if all is satisfactory on Christmas Eve I shall make Reggie a handsome present in the shape of

Your ever fond friend,

NINETTE.

P.S.—They won't receive dogs here, so with a thousand heartaches I've had to leave "Mafeking" at home. However, in case my leisure moments—when Reggie is off duty—become monotonous I have brought "It," as you call my new pet, to cheer me up. Any time you are passing do be an angel and call in and remind cook never to let "Mafeking" go out without his sun hat, because it keeps the snow and wind from his ears.

When dinner-time found the Japanese tea-gown replaced by an indescribably-made violet chiffon confection, whose petal-like draperies seemed blown to their resting-place, and a tall, square, sleek-headed dark man obviously attached to the bronze-haired wearer, feminine forebodings were arrested, and masculine allegiances returned to their *pro tem.* holiday resting-places.

As they left the large dining-hall and strolled towards the Winter Gardens Ninette Selmont-Ackers glanced up demurely at her companion from beneath the mystic shelter of her black lashes.

"They are playing progressive whist in the drawing-room to-night. I'm afraid it's almost too late for you to enter your name," she said.

He regarded her gravely a moment, and then replied low in the *one* voice a man keeps for the *one* woman:

"If I can manage to win the first prize at progressive hearts I will forego the whist and —everything in the whole world, Ninette."

She was silent, feeling suddenly that the glad completeness of her life rendered words so trivial. She only looked, and the tender soul-secrets of her heart spoke in the glance!

The next day passed with that incredible speed only accorded to people who are happy, and have nothing to attend to beyond the cultivation of happiness, and such hydropathic allurements as ping-pong tournaments, sports, private theatricals, at which the chief *rôle* was interpreted by the prompter; concerts and *tableaux vivants*—the *vivant* part of the performance more in evidence than any pictorial suggestion!—went on their harmlessly giddy course without any assistance from the pretty widow and her attendant.

However, on the second morning after his arrival Reggie Jones got up with a headache and a bad temper.

"Mary," he cried, opening the door an inch in response to the shaving-water tap, "I haven't slept all night. A most infernal row, like someone singing with a cold, a cock-and-hen crowing concert, speech-making, and a coach horn have been going on at intervals. Where does it come from?"

"I don't know, sir, unless it's the lady in No. 72, just underneath this room. If it's her you'd be the only one to 'ear it, because Nos. 72, 82, and 92 stand alone like, one over the other round a corner," replied the maid. "I expect it is 'er, 'cause I've 'eard the row a time or two myself of an afternoon. P'raps she ain't quite right, pore thing. It's the kind of noise as someone a bit orf in the upper storey would make, pore crittur," she concluded sympathetically.

"It doesn't do me any good to find I am the only sufferer or that the lady is mad. I shall complain to the manager if it occurs again."

On going downstairs he as usual called at the hall-porter's bureau for letters.

It was empty, the porter being at that moment busily engaged near the entrance explaining to an elderly gentleman of waning mental brilliance that the 2.15 train started at a quarter-past two; so Reggie, seeing a letter addressed to R. Jones, Esq., bent across the wooden ledge and "helped himself."

On entering the dining-room he found Mrs. Selmont-Ackers' seat vacant, so, temporarily postponing the delights of egg and bacon, he opened his letter, intending, if possible, to become familiar with its contents before the distracting presence of a blue silk *robe de matin* should engross his entire attention.

After a moment the waiter's voice roused him to a realisation of fried fish and coffee, and to the fact that he (the waiter) was giving him a message.

"The lady in No. 72 sent her compliments by the housemaid, sir, and says she's sorry not to be down to breakfast, but she's had a very bad night with her neuralgia."

The lady in No. 72! . . . His own room was 82!

"Do you mean Mrs. Selmont-Ackers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is her room No. 72?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Is No. 72 the corner room, just below No. 82?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank—you. I—I—er—won't take any dinner—breakfast, I mean—thank you—the—the—room's too cold—I'll go out into the—snow—er—I think." And Reginald Jones turned out into the winter morning to grapple with a *mêlée* of black imaginings.

Ninette mad! . . . No, no, it could not, *could not* be—and yet——

The echo of the weird night sounds which were proved to have undoubtedly emanated from the room of which she was the sole occupant rushed once more to his brain in hideous chorus!

What could it mean?

How should he act? Should he for the next few days undertake the dual *rôle* of lover-detective, and by not monopolising so much of her time, leave her more leisure for solitary hours in her own apartment? Yes, and then he, the lover-detective, would repair to his own room above and *listen*—listen to the sound of the falling ruins that should bury for ever his own fair dream-castle.

"Mary," he cried, opening the door an inch in response to the shaving-water tap, "I haven't slept all night."

[*Letter from Mrs. Selmont-Ackers to Miss Lilla Craven.*]

Llanfrolich Hydro,
Dec. 23rd.

MY DEAREST FRIEND IN SYMPATHY,

Just a hurried line to report progress of events. Lilla, dear, it is not a success! At first it was all ideal; but, after the second day everything seemed to change—at least, not everything, because he still always shows the most consummate skill in avoiding the eye-making, walk-suggesting, flirtation-hinting feminine snare-traps that are invariably set for every smart man who is obviously another woman's property; but I am alluding to his manner. Though the dear fond look is never absent from the depths of his eyes, it seems now to be veiled by a new strange something. Lilla, it is too terrible even to write it, but is it the shadow of madness? Do you know he is always alluding to hereditary insanity, and asks me if I have pains in my head; if I am interested in live poultry; what my mother died from; and now he has taken to making most searching inquiries about poor Ernest's death! Sometimes I almost believe he thinks I murdered my husband!

Surely he cannot be subject to attacks of mania? I wonder if he has ever been in an asylum! Oh! Lilla, my mind is in a whirlpool of torture, and to think that to morrow, Chrismas Eve, was to have been the day when I was to have resigned my future into the hands of the one I love, but the one who appears to be a—madman!

Au revoir, dearie,
Your distraught
NINETTE.

P.S.—"It" is really all I have to distract my thoughts, and as Reggie and I are not so much together, I am always flying to it as a sort of friendly consoler. Of course Reggie doesn't know anything about it—I was afraid he would laugh at me, but now nothing matters much! What a Christmas!

II.

"It really is very kind of you to help us, Mrs. Selmont-Ackers. You see a professional entertainer disappointing on Christmas Eve makes it impossible to fill his place, and really there is not enough musical talent among the visitors to occupy the whole evening. I am—really am most grateful," said the Hydro Doctor, who, being young and unmarried, was a very leading spirit among the hydropathic gaieties.

"Don't mention it," replied Mrs. Selmont-Ackers. "I am only so glad that I happened to think of it. I, myself, am so terribly useless—my sole claim to distinctive originality being that I neither play, sing, act, nor recite; but if this will fill up any time, all shall

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"Come here, Ninette," he said, with a new note of authority in his voice.

be ready by half-past eight. Oh! just one stipulation," she concluded, leaning over the bannisters and smiling till he wished she suffered from some chronic complaint needing a prolonged course of hydropathy. "Nothing is to be put on the programme."

"Just as you wish, of course," replied the Doctor, as Mrs. Selmont-Ackers concluded the smile and hurried upstairs.

About a quarter to nine the same evening Reggie Jones was sauntering down the corridor wondering as to the whereabouts of Ninette—he was aware of her frank and unabashed dislike to amateur music, so never imagined the drawing-room on a concert night a likely place in which to discover her—and pondering upon the terrible doubts which, owing to the increase of strange uncanny sounds continually to be heard in her room when undoubtedly she was the sole occupant, had become a life shadowing certainty.

The detective had found what he sought—and the lover shrank from the terrible discovery! Her manner certainly did not in any way substantiate the terrible theory, because beyond a lately-acquired gentle air of reproach there was nothing to—but hark! From what demon-land of half-human, half-monster sounds had he lately heard the noises which suddenly struck his ear as he passed the open swing-doors of the drawing-room.

The struggling metallic tones were unmistakably those of——

Without waiting to shape his thoughts he dashed into the room just as the applause was ceasing.

An astonishing sight met his gaze.

On the platform was fixed a huge Celesto-Gramophone, on one side of which stood Dr. Dundennis, the house physician, and on the other—*Mrs. Selmont-Ackers!*

As she quietly handed him a large punctured disc he addressed the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced "the next record will be the last; a very amusing farmyard commotion, Mrs. Selmont-Ackers informs me. Before closing this entertainment I wish to tender a hearty thanks to all those who have taken part, and also to Mrs. Selmont-Ackers for so kindly lending her very handsome, fully-improved Celesto-Gramophone."

Unlimited applause, and then followed an ear-torturing babel of many tin-throated fowls, which to Reggie Jones sounded sweeter

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than a seraphic choir or a chorus of nymphs trained by Apollo himself!

When chanticleer had given a final strangled crow and "God save the King" had been croaked out, with sincere though muffled loyalty, Reggie Jones sought and found Ninette Selmont-Ackers.

"Come here, Ninette," he said with a new note of authority in his voice, which to her was delicious, as he steered towards the deserted Winter Garden. When they were alone he took her hands strongly in his.

"It is Christmas Eve," he said, "and I want my answer."

"My answer, Reggie, was ready ten days ago, ready in my heart and ready on my lips, but your manner this last week has been so extraordinary that——"

She did not finish her sentence, for behind a sheltering palm she was gently led, and there, unheard save by goldfish and statues, dark things were made clear.

"I think Goethe was rather in error when he wrote 'Every man hears only what he understands'—don't you?" she said later.

Reginald considered a moment.

"Perhaps so," he replied. "Yes, I *am* inclined to agree, but the quotation needs transposing into 'Every man only *understands* what he *hears*.' Ninette let me hear the words 'I love you' from your own lips, and then I shall understand for all my life, my darling—*darling*."

The goldfish discreetly swam to the other side of the fountain!

[*From Ninette Selmont-Ackers to Lilla Craven.*]

It's all right Lilla, darling, it's all right. While I was thinking him mad, he was believing me insane! It's all through "It." I want to sell the wretched thing, so do be a dear and insert this advertisement in *The Ladies' Tittle Tattle* for me.

"Will anyone exchange new travelling trunks for handsome Celesto-Gramophone and 150 varied records?"

Thanking you in advance, longing to see you to give full explanation, and hoping your Christmas will be as happy as mine,

I am, quite yours, dear,

NINETTE.

P.S.—On second thoughts, which are always in advance of first ones—this sounds a trifle Hibernian, I know!—please, dear, don't trouble to put in advertisement. Reggie says he'd rather I kept "It" because he has an idea that after marriage it may prove beneficial. His theory is that suppose we should ever indulge in any mild marital disagreements of opinion—not likely because I always mean him to give way to me, of course—it would be an excellent plan to wind up the gramophone, which would deaden the sounds of our voices.

However, there *is* one commission I should be grateful if you'd execute for me. As Reggie ordains we keep the gramophone, I intend to get a new record, so would you kindly order for me "Men" (from "The Three Little Maids"), so that I can always have this verse ready to turn on if necessity arises:

You men are impossible fools,
Though you think you're wonderfully deep;
You make most ridiculous rules
Which you only expect us to keep!
You pretend you play Bridge half the night,
You say that you work all day long,
Yet you think it a positive slight
If we want to do something wrong!

Five Prizes of One Sovereign Each.

IT IS WELL FOR AN EDITOR TO LEARN, from time to time, what his readers think of his Magazine, and what best pleases them in its pages. This month he has, therefore, decided to hold a Competition for the purpose of gathering valuable hints for his future guidance.

Now, there are ten features in this number about which the Editor is specially anxious to get the opinions of his readers. They are as follows:

A. Cap and Bells.
(The four or five pages of wit and humour with which each number of THE ROYAL closes.)

B. Mr. X.—His Pages.
(The new monthly Budget of Puzzles.)

C. Picture Paragraphs.
(The Pages of Photographic Curiosities or Curious Photos.)

D. On Board the *Ariadne*.
(The Second of the Escapades of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.)

E. My Nephew Max.
(A Schoolboy's letter.)

F. At School Under the Sky.
(The Second Article on Nature Study in our Schools.)

G. How to Breathe.
(An Article on Physical Culture.)

H. The Stage Feature.
(This feature is represented in the present number by the article, "A Beau Who is a Belle"; usually it is entitled "From the Stalls.")

I. Man and the Beast.
(This is one of the many articles on perilous trades, which from time to time appear in THE ROYAL.)

J. Told by the Grandfather's Clock.
(A class of story peculiar to THE ROYAL.)

Will all readers, after carefully considering each of these special features, send the Editor a postcard, quoting the letters attached to each, in what he or she considers their order of merit.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE ANY OF THESE FEATURES, DON'T PUT THEM IN YOUR LIST AT ALL.

Thus one postcard you address might contain the letters in this order, G A C B F E J I K.

And what are the prizes for? Well, the Editor refuses to say. We don't want readers to send in answers just for the sake of the prizes offered, but in order to give valuable hints as to their likes and dislikes. Just send in your postcard, and to five of the senders a pound apiece will be presented in due course. You must leave everything to the Editor.

All postcards must be marked "Criticism" in the top left-hand corner, and arrive at this office not later than February 15th.

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An Interview with the greatest of all Wild Animal Trainers, Carl Hagenbeck—his Ways and Methods, the Dangers of the Trade, and many thrilling Stories of Life in a Travelling Menagerie.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

A life spent in the training of wild animals, as you will see if you read this article, is a life not wholly without its distractions and excitements; at all events, it is always interesting and particularly so to the casual visitor who finds himself at such a place as Hagenbeck's Great Training Establishment in Hamburg. I went there a few weeks ago in order to gather information for this very article.

A TALK WITH HAGENBECK.

As we sat inside the great circus-like inclosure waiting for the animals to appear, I asked Carl Hagenbeck, who is the greatest living authority on the subject, if it was not rather a cruel thing to subject the beasts of the forest to a long training for public performance.

"On the contrary," he declared, with great emphasis and sincerity, "not only do the animals themselves enjoy their training, but the exercise is beneficial to their bodies and their intelligence alike. Nothing keeps them in better condition.

"At the same time," he significantly added, "the training of them makes a man old, and ill, and nervous before his time, for it is a profession attended by the most frightful risks, and a man never knows from one day to the other what terrible fate may overtake him.

"However, we seldom have any accident in my establishment, for the simple reason that all my men are highly trained and very rarely run any foolhardy risks. We have only had one serious accident during my whole time—forty years.

"Do you see that young fellow there?" and he pointed to a tall, well-built young man walking across the arena. "Well, the other day he went into a lion's cage alone to teach the animal some trick. Suddenly the lion flew at him, and before help could be rendered him he mangled him so badly that he was in hospital for weeks, and was lucky, indeed, to escape with his life!

"Training, remember, can only be carried out by kindness. Some animals, especially elephants, are very quick, others learn very slowly. Some, too, are very nervous, and then it is especially dangerous to try and force them to do anything; that is why so many people are killed."

A PLUCKY RESCUE.

And this, of course is perfectly true. Some years ago—not at Hagenbeck's, however—a young trainer was engaged in teaching a lion and two lionesses to jump through a ring of fire. The lionesses did it easily enough. But when the turn of the lion came, it was at once seen there would be trouble.

"Be careful, Jem," said the proprietor, "Charlie's got a temper on him this morning."

"All right, sir," cheerily replied Jem. "I'll take care, but he ain't going to get the better of me, and so 'e may as well understand it first as last. Come on, Charlie!" he cried. "Look sharp!" and as he spoke he daringly shook the flaming ring in the creature's face, cracking his whip briskly the while. Charlie growled savagely and crouched back on his haunches. Jem's mettle was fairly up. "I ain't goin' to be bested by a bloomin' lion," he cried to his mates, who by this time had gathered round

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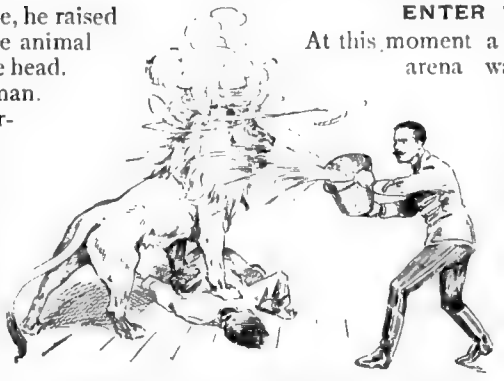
the den, and as he spoke, he raised his whip and caught the animal a savage blow across the head. It was the act of a madman.

With a roar that literally shook the cage, Charlie sprang upon his tormentor and in a moment he had pinioned him to the ground. At the same moment the ring of fire fell across the lion's mane, which, of course, was in a blaze in an instant. Just at first the lion did not realise this, and with flaming eyes and a veritable mane of fire, the fierce animal flung himself upon the wretched young man.



A thrilling incident in a trainer's life. He was teaching a lion to jump through a hoop of fire, when the beast leaped on him and knocked him down. Someone courageously rushed into the cage and drove the lion off by dashing a pail of water in his face.

The horrified spectators, paralysed with fear, looked on trembling. Suddenly, as it were, the flames appeared to give the master an idea. Snatching up a big bucket, luckily full of water, he jumped into the cage, slammed the door behind him, and flung the contents of the bucket full in the lion's face, which so astonished the animal that it drew off growling into a corner, and poor Jem was dragged nearly dead from the cage. He pulled through eventually, and the lion recovered his lost mane, but Jem never forgot the terrible lesson he learnt that morning.

I related this incident to Mr. Hagenbeck.

"Well," he said, "the fellow only had himself to blame. I should have discharged him at once."

ENTER THE ANIMALS.

At this moment a door at the back of the arena was opened, and the animals slowly marched in and took their places on seats and ledges especially provided for them.

The first animal that was called upon to perform was a bear. He was ordered to walk the tight rope, which, in this instance, was represented by a narrow plank. Gingerly he stepped upon it, carefully balancing himself on his hind legs; then he walked backwards and forwards with unusual skill and ease, never making a single slip.

WONDERFUL TRICKS.

One of the most remarkable performances was this: A large Roman chariot was rolled into the arena, and then the trainer led in two huge tigers. They growled a good deal, and one indeed began backing into the wall. The man kept perfectly cool, and, after a while, with tact and patience he harnessed the two animals to the chariot, backing them between the shafts just as though they were horses.

There they stood perfectly still while a huge lion was ushered into the chariot. A robe of royal crimson was fastened round his neck, a brilliant crown was placed upon his head, a man stepped up behind him and flung the reins round his shoulders, and then two huge German

Polar bears are most docile pupils when in the trainer's hands, and learn to perform very quickly, either in troupes or alone.

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boarhounds were detailed to act as footmen. The trainer then stepped aside, picked up his whip and cracked it loudly. The animals appeared to flinch, but for a moment only, and they started quickly off, and the chariot, with the King of Beasts gazing somewhat foolishly around, slowly ambled round the circus.

Then a young elephant, with a tiger upon his back, marched round and round the circle. He was wonderfully self-composed, considering that he had only been practising four days, and that elephants simply detest tigers in their natural condition. And now and again the tiger, at a given signal, would spring upon the top of an archway, or through a hoop, and, as the elephant ambled round again, would spring suddenly upon his back, the other animals—lions, tigers, bears, boarhounds—looking on.

Mr. Hagenbeck gave me some interesting details as to the feeding of his beasts.

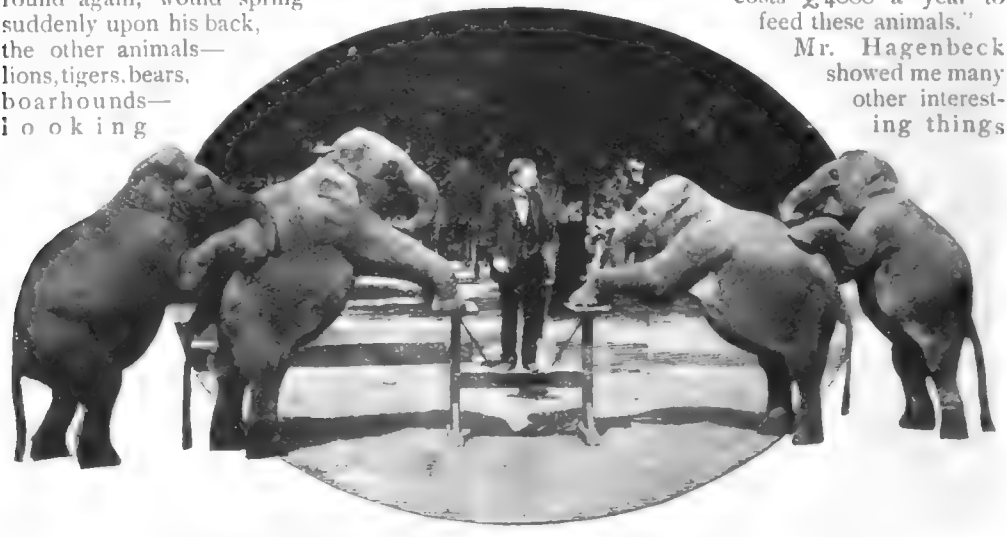
ANIMALS' APPETITE.

"When we are full here," said my host, "I use up 800lb. of meat a day. A lion or a tiger eats from 10lb. to 18lb. a day. The seals, which you will see in a few minutes, get through 15lb. of fish apiece each day. I have eleven elephants and they eat from 25lb. to 150lb. of hay a day, as well as bread and turnips. We take 56 quarts of milk just as it comes from the cows for the young animals. We use up 250lb. of bread. Then, of course, we feed the snakes with rabbits and guinea-pigs. It costs £4000 a year to feed these animals."

Mr. Hagenbeck showed me many other interesting things in his menagerie. I saw the animals feed, I saw them rehearsing various performances—lions, tigers, elephants and seals. They all appeared more or less happy and contented, and I remarked as much to Mr. Hagenbeck.

"Well," he replied, "to render their lot as tolerable as possible is one of the great secrets of successful animal training. Then you should always endeavour to make the beasts really interested in what they are doing. I can assure you that the spirit of emulation with some animals is as keen as it is with human beings. Many of them hate to fail or to be outdone by one another."

Such is Carl Hagenbeck and such are his methods. What with his genius, resources, and enormous experience, he has rendered the most dangerous of callings comparatively safe. It is the lesser men, and more especially those who travel about the world with



Young elephants learning deportment; in other words, how to stand on their hind legs.

quietly on the while these two went through their little tricks.

After the elephant had quitted the ring, another tiger was told to mount its tricycle. It unwillingly coiled itself up and refused to budge.

"Come, Pussy," said Mr. Hagenbeck, who had left me to take his share in the morning's work, "come on, old girl," and he held out a piece of sugar. The tigress ambled to him in a moment, and having had the sugar, mounted the tricycle and with an air of gloom it slowly moved round the circle. Suddenly, there was an uproar in a far corner. A perfectly inoffensive lion happened to yawn, when, like a flash of lightning, a sharp little fox terrier flew at him. The lion cowered in the corner: the dog was captured and thrown out of the arena. He came fawning up to me, and the lion breathed again.

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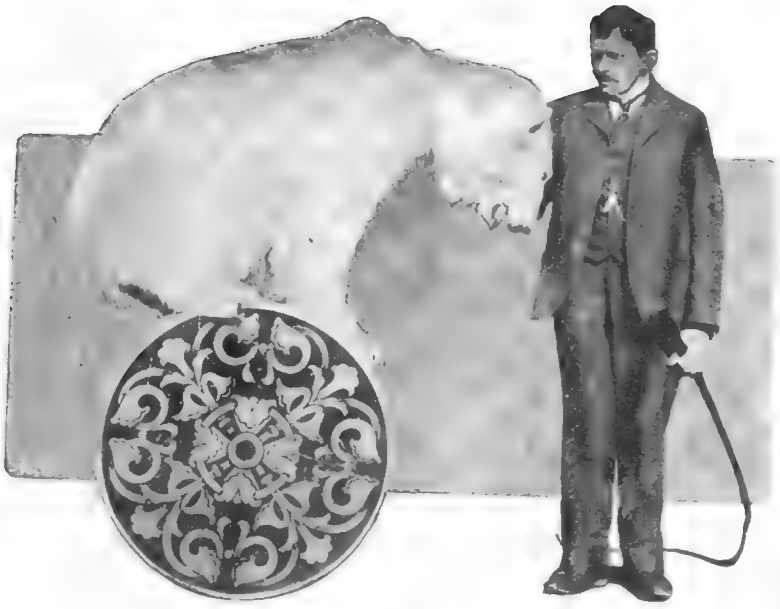

A polar bear learning to stand on a tub—at the same time rolling it along.

menageries, who have constantly to face the most awful perils.

It is not every day that one has the good fortune to encounter a wild beast tamer in private life, but when one does, believe me, the opportunity of a conversation with him is not to be lost. He has always a multitude of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences to relate, than which the most absorbing romance is not more moving.

I was once coasting slowly up the Malay Peninsula, and we were not more than a day's journey from Singapore. The lovely tropical forests lay within easy sight of us, bathed in the fierce sunshine. One could well imagine the tigers one knew were there, sleeping through the long burning day, the huge constrictors surveying the frightened troops of jabbering monkeys. It was all so close and yet so far away. Opposite me sat an old man and his wife; a curious couple. He, broad-set, vigorous, snowy-haired, brown-skinned with curious steely eyes that steadily surveyed one beneath coal black eyebrows; she, tall and stately, and with the remains of great beauty plainly visible.

I fell into conversation with them and he referred to the tigers that infest the territory of Johore, close to which we were sailing at that moment. I asked him if he had seen much of wild animals. He smiled and his wife, chiming in in excellent English, told me that years before her husband had been a great lion-tamer and trainer, adding, to his obvious discomfort:

"My 'usband is of a courage the most superb, a *sang froid* the most inconceivable, a modesty the most rare, the most distinguished. Alphonse, tell this gentleman of our Picardy tour."

That Picardy tour evidently held a great memory, and I prepared myself for a story that would be worth listening to, nor was I disappointed. Alphonse cleared his throat, lit another cheroot and began in a deep voice.

AN ANIMAL TRAINER SPEAKS.

"Figure to yourself, monsieur, that you are in a menagerie that

The man who trains the polar bear to stand on the top of him is not by any means to be envied.

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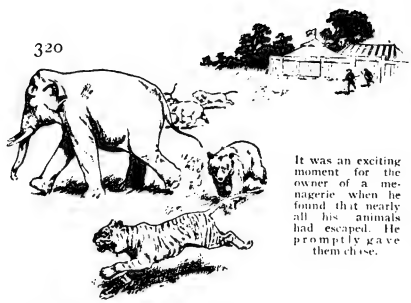

It was an exciting moment for the owner of a menagerie when he found that nearly all his animals had escaped. He promptly gave them chase.

stands for a day or two in a small town in Picardy. It is now many years ago, but in my mind it is all as clear as though it were yesterday. I was a trainer of wild animals in those days, and I had with me a large troupe of performing lions and tigers, bears, elephants and leopards in the menagerie of which I was a part proprietor.

"On the morning of which I speak, I was in the ring rehearsing for the afternoon performance and most of the animals were there, seated round me, waiting their turn. With me were two of my assistants. One of them left the inclosure on a message, and somehow or another he did not properly fasten the door. At the moment I was practising with the elephant, when I was startled by a cry from Smith, my American trainer, and I looked quickly round

THE ESCAPE OF A MENAGERIE.

"To my horror I saw that the huge door had swung open and that the animals were pouring through it one after the other. And the dreadful part of it was that we were in a big field just outside the town, and that, therefore, once the animals were free, it might be impossible to catch them again, or at all events, to prevent them doing hideous mischief.

"Ah! Marie! he ejaculated, turning to his wife, 'can you ever forget it?' Well, monsieur, I rushed out, flung to the door and barred it, safely imprisoning the five or six animals left there, but at least eight had got away; one elephant, three tigers, two lions, and a couple of enormous American bears, animals of the most savage, the most cruel!

"Yelling to the other men to arm themselves as well as they could, Smith and I snatched up our guns and whips and rushed off. What a sight met our eyes as we got outside the menagerie and into the open green field! It was a burning hot day, and there, beneath that blazing sun, scampered those terrific beasts, making, what you English call, a bee-line for the little sleepy and unsuspecting town. They didn't sleep long or much that day!

"Some children walking out with the parish *curé* suddenly turned the corner, and came full face upon the two tigers. They gave a yell of fear, and, of course, flew for their lives. This excited one of the tigers, who, with a snap round of his huge jaws, just as a greyhound will snap at the hare it has overtaken in the coursing field, seized hold of a little boy and careered down the road with him. Suddenly the brute stopped. 'Now's my chance!' thought I; 'if only I could get a good broadside on, so that I need not hit the child.'

"Almost as I spoke the animal dropped the little boy and then lay down two or three yards off. It was the act of Providence. Before he could move I dropped upon one knee and in a moment he rolled over with a bullet in his brain. Marvellous to say, the child was absolutely without a scratch.

"I then hurried off into the town. It was as though it were being besieged. Nearly everyone was indoors, or perched upon the roof, where they screamed alarms and advice, both of which were equally useless and unnecessary.

"The elephant had rushed into a toy shop and couldn't get out again. The lions and the remaining tiger, by an immense stroke of good fortune, had discovered a butcher's yard and they were safely devouring the carcases that lay upon the benches. We managed to lock them in, whilst I went in search of the American bears. One I quickly found, attracted to the place by the agonised yells of a human being. Poor fellow! as I turned the corner I saw the bear on his

When he found the tiger, he saw it had the body of a child in its mouth. Providentially, the beast dropped it without hurting him.

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hind legs, bending over the figure of a man whom he was literally crushing to death. This brute I shot dead, but only after his poor victim had breathed his last.

"We got the remaining animals safely back after great trouble and after an hour or so of anxiety which added many grey hairs to my head and which must have taken years off my life. I wake now and again sweating in every pore with the horror of that awful morning still upon me!"

"Do you ever find them turn upon you whilst you are actually training them?" I asked, as my friend sat down beside me, for in the excitement of his story he had risen to pace up and down the deck.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A TIGER.

"I have never had that happen to me but once, and even then it was hardly because of the training. I was in the cage with two tigers and a German boar-hound. You know those big dogs which you so often see training with lions and tigers? Well, I had put them through their tricks and I had given them a moment's rest. The boar-hound was sitting upon the floor of the cage and the two tigers—male and female—were resting full length upon a ledge that ran half way round.

"Suddenly the boar-hound rose, apparently to stretch itself. Like a flash of lightning, and with just as little warning, the male tiger sprang up, stretched out its huge paw, and gave the dog a fearful tap upon the head. The poor animal screamed with agony. The tiger, with his eyes aflame and evidently mad with rage, sprang down from the ledge and attacked the dog.

When the owner came up with one of his bears, he found that it was hugging a man in its deadly embrace. He shot the animal, but found that the man was also dead.

"Under ordinary circumstances the dog would have made a good fight for his life, for boar-hounds are brave and fearless; but this poor creature was already hideously wounded, and after a feeble struggle, was speedily killed.

"For once, and for the only time, I was mad enough to lose my temper. Clubbing my heavily loaded whip I rushed upon the tiger and dealt him three blows, terrific thuds they were too, upon the skull. For a moment he cowered back into the corner. But only for a moment; then he rushed at me with open jaws. I had sufficient presence of mind to thrust my whip down his throat. This kept him at bay for a moment.

"I, of course, had yelled for help. Two of my men came rushing in. By all good

Training lions, tigers, and boar-hounds to perform together. This is the most difficult part of a trainer's work, as the animals are often inclined to quarrel among themselves.

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Teaching a polar bear to sit on a chair and drink out of a bottle.

fortune a huge fire—it was mid-winter—was burning not far away, and a great iron poker was sticking in the coals. One of the men seized hold of it, and, jumping into the den with this poker white hot, he deliberately beat the animal with it.

"The tiger turned upon him with a howl of rage, only to receive the hissing poker full in its face. It cowered back with horror and alarm, and we were enabled to rush from the cage. The door was bolted, and the incident was over. But it was touch and go.

A MODERN DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

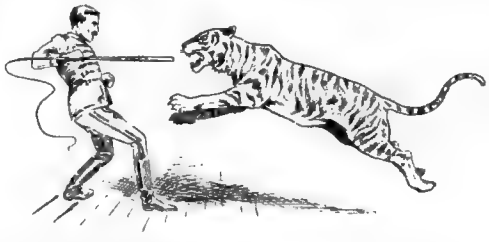
"I once saw a dreadful sight; it didn't happen to me, but I knew the man who owned the menagerie in which it occurred. It was in an American township. This friend of mine was there with a troupe of performing lions and tigers and leopards. There was a minister who was evidently something of a crank. He went to the manager and asked him if he would announce that on the following Thursday 'Rev. John I. Jenkins, Minister of the First Church in the town, would preach a short sermon *in* the lions' den on "Daniel in the Lions' Den."'

"They weren't so particular in those days as now, though even now the law in America isn't sufficiently stringent with regard to such foolhardy deeds as it ought to be. But even then the manager was startled.

"'Well, I don't know,' said he, 'I don't like the idea of it. Have you got good nerve?'

"'Oh, yes,' replied the minister. "I have no fear whatever.' 'Well,' replied the trainer, 'do as you like. I shall be there and so will my assistant, Mademoiselle de Nevers, and I daresay it will be all right. But mind, you are not to preach more than three minutes, and for Heaven's sake, don't gesticulate!'

"Well, the night came; and with it a huge crowd attracted by the flaming posters, representing 'The Modern Daniel' in the lions' den, preaching, as the Yankees say, for all he was worth. My wife and I went and the performance began. I can see it now. The cage was the biggest I ever saw, more like a good-sized room than anything else. There were three lions and two tigers in it, the trainer, Mademoiselle de Nevers—a handsome well-made girl in her performing costume—and the daring young minister, in orthodox coat and white choker, but it wasn't whiter than his face. I fancy he would have given



A trainer, while in a cage with a tiger, hit him on the head with his whip. The brute immediately flew at the trainer, who only saved himself by thrusting the whip down the animal's throat.

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anything to back out of his foolish enterprise.

"In a voice that shook with nervousness, he gave out his text. The animals apparently took no notice; perhaps they were awed by the unusual occurrence. There was, however, an atmosphere charged with electrical excitement.

"The preacher appeared to gain courage from the quietude and indifference of the animals. Suddenly, to my horror, he raised his voice and flung out his arm. In a second the tigress, with flaming eyes and hair standing up on its back like wire, had sprung upon him. There was a groan of horror, but the poor man must have been killed in a moment. The trainer and Mademoiselle de Nevers kept back the other animals, whilst a third man sprang in with a huge torch and beat the tigress off the silent figure stretched upon the floor of the cage.

"He was quite dead.

"Then again," said the old trainer, "always be careful with your elephants. Many years ago I had some eight or ten African and Indian elephants in my menagerie who were trained in the ordinary tricks you see them performing at a circus.

"Now it so chanced that one day one of my young trainers lost his temper with old Nancy—a huge and rather morose elephant I had brought from the Nizam's stables at Hyderabad—and prodded her very severely with his iron. Curiously enough, Nancy appeared to take no notice at the time, and the following day my man left for a holiday of six weeks. The day after his return he entered the arena alone, as usual, to put his elephants through their facings. Nancy at once espied him, and trumpeting loudly she went for him then and there, and seizing him round the waist with her trunk, hurried out of the arena into the adjoining field, where was a big pond in which the elephants took their daily bath.

"Quite calmly and methodically she proceeded across the green grass, waded into the pond, and dipped her burden into the rather dirty water. Three times she did this with great gravity and solemnity, and then she returned the way she had gone, re-entered the arena, rolled the half-drowned and wholly miserable man deliberately in a heap of sawdust, and then took her place amongst the rest of her companions."

A minister once obtained permission to preach a short sermon in a den full of wild animals. During the address he raised his arm suddenly, and a tiger at once flew at him, and bore him to the ground. Before help could arrive the man was dead.

A wild animal tea party, composed of a fairly tractable gathering of lions, leopards, and tigers

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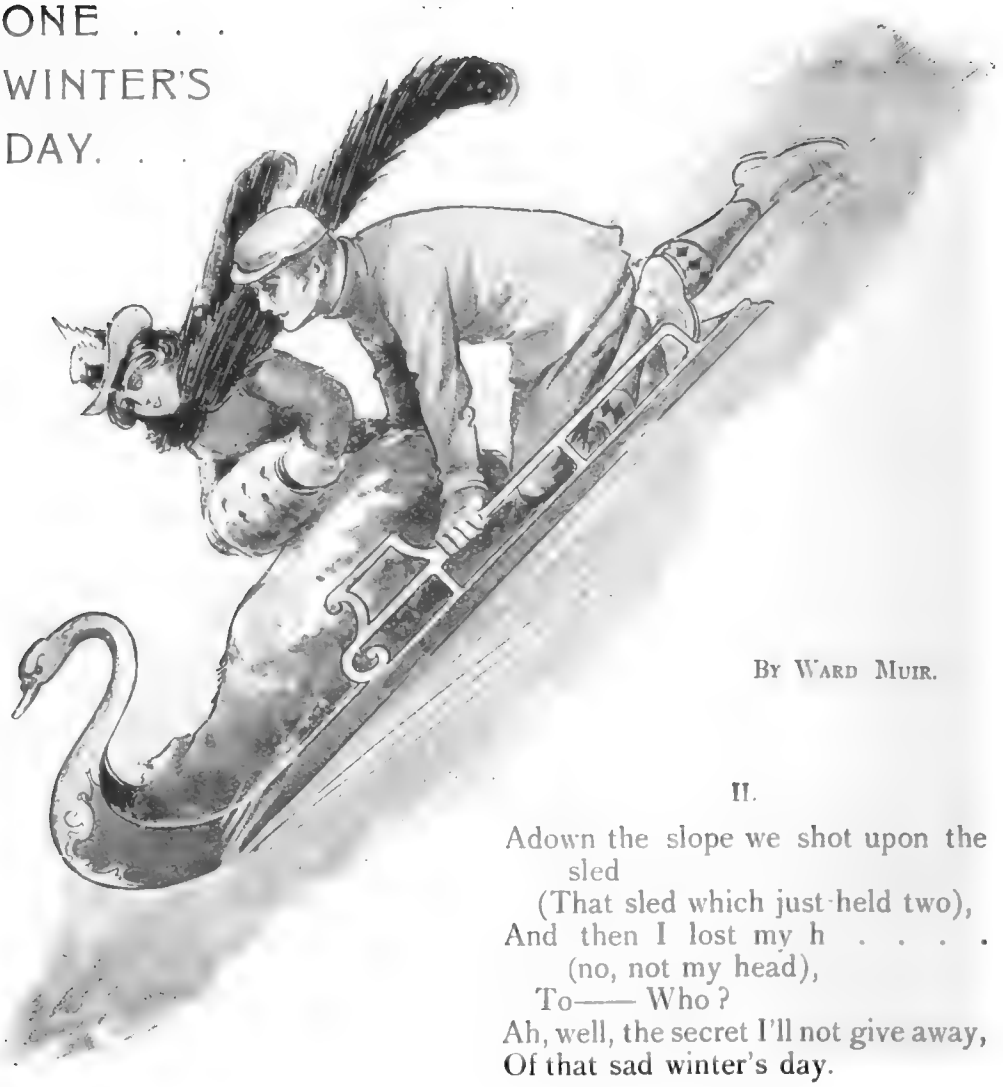
ONE . . . WINTER'S DAY. . .

By Ward Muir.

I.

A LOVELY hill of tempting spotless snow,
A sled which just holds two;
I think these quite the jolliest things I know;
Don't you?
. . . . I saw no shadow lie athwart the way
That sunny winter's day.

II.

Adown the slope we shot upon the sled
(That sled which just held two),
And then I lost my h . . . .
(no, not my head),
To—— Who?
Ah, well, the secret I'll not give away,
Of that sad winter's day.

III.

But the next run I took, I was alone.
Yes—on the sled for two;
And though less happy, yet I frankly own I flew.
For a man's apt to travel fast, they say,
Alone—and Downwards—on life's hilly way,
When SHE with SOMEONE ELSE has strolled away
(As on that winter's day.)

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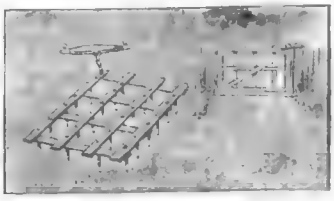
10th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

When the Competition Closes.

The final set of pictures will be published in the April *Royal*. The last day for receiving sets of pictures will be about six weeks after the final set has appeared.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of **£100** will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the March number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen.*)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.
6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters *made up of the names (or their phonetic equivalents) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide (*any 1902 edition*), which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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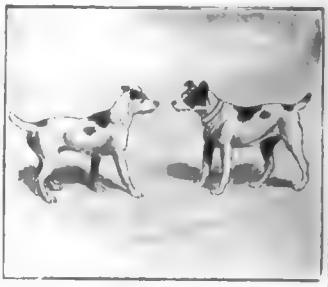

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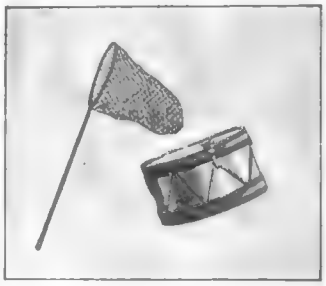

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Name.... . .. .

Address.. ....

Keep all pages of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

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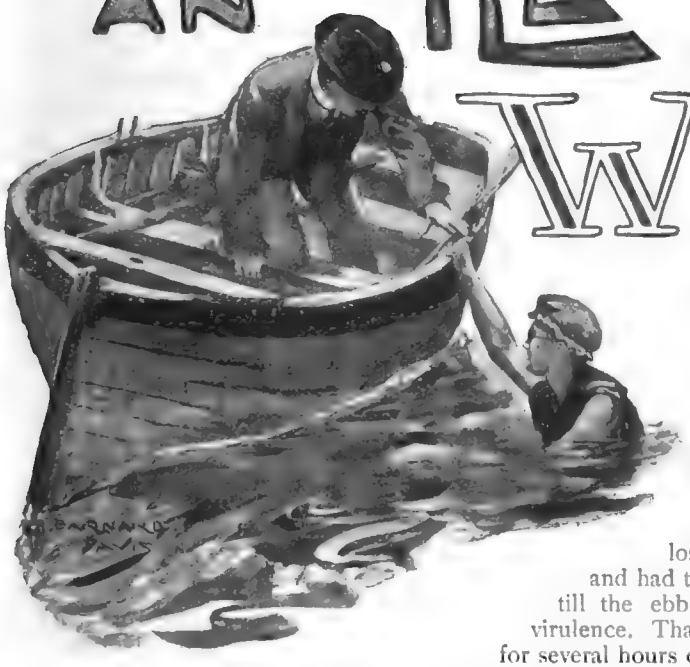
AN ILL WIND



The Story of a Champion Channel Swimmer.

By R. E. Vernède.

It was an ill wind that blew Mr. Nicholas Toope so far from shore that he lost the last of the flowing tide and had to compose himself in his boat till the ebb should have stayed its first virulence. That meant paddling about gently for several hours on the one hand, and running the risk—not of being swamped, for it was as calm a day as the heart of a longshore mariner could desire—but of being rescued, willy-nilly, by the ever anxious Mrs. Toope, his wife, in another boat, which would be *infra dig.*

Mr. Toope dreaded a loss of dignity, and indeed it was to avoid a continuance of such a loss that he had pushed off in his boat that morning after whiting. Whiting were the pretext; preservation of dignity was the motive; the truth being that Mrs. Toope (of Alexis Villa, Marine Terrace) had conceived the absurd notion that Nicholas had been showing an undue gallantry to Mrs. Harrison (also of Marine Terrace), and had as a consequence spoken to him in a way that no man of spirit could endure.

In vain Mr. Toope had pointed out that if a lady drops her bathing-cap in a public road on the way back from her machine, the least any gentleman can do is to pick up that cap and restore it to its fair owner.

"It's no good telling me," said Mrs. Toope, arms akimbo, "I've seen you before."

"*Honny swore qui mallypons,*" pleaded Mr. Toope.

"An' don't you think that swearing in foreign tongues'll make it any better, Nicholas," said his lady. "A married woman, too."

"If it *was* her cap," argued Mr. Toope, "I couldn't help it that she was married. I couldn't go and give it to a widow."

But Mrs. Toope hated argument.

"If I was you, Nicholas, I'd be ashamed of myself. That's what I'd be."

"Well, I'm not," snapped Mr. Toope.

"Not now," said Mrs. Toope patiently. "But you will be presently."

And she set herself so assiduously to make this prophecy come true that Mr. Toope rushed from Alexis Villa in desperation at last to go and catch a few whiting.

"Mind it's only fish you catch," Mrs. Toope flung after him, and Nicholas reflected upon these words as he paddled about disconsolately waiting for the next tide to row in. It had not been much of a morning for the fish, and he was divided between a fear of returning home empty-handed, with no evidence to show that he had spent his day on the guileless seas, and, as I have said, a fear of being fetched back by Mrs. Toope, which would prove him to have been fishing, but would be a further lowering of his dignity.

He wished that he could have got home for lunch, but though he could see the marine front of Lambgate and the smoke of its houses at no great distance, he knew that it was

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impossible to pull in against the set of the tide. Out to sea he could discern a smack or two dotted about, and what looked like a steam-tug puffing along with a sea-mist in its wake.

"Coming up," said Mr. Toope. And, sure enough, the mist began to overtake the tug and spread; and in no long time it was all about the boat, and the smacks and the tug and Lambgate were hidden from view in a white smother.

"Unless Georgina's spotted me," said Mr. Toope to himself, "I'm not likely to be fetched out of this."

It was just when he was beginning to congratulate himself upon having several hours before him for solitary brooding and possibly a cigarette, that a voice from somewhere out of the mist hailed him:

"Boat ahoy!"

Mr. Toope nearly dropped his oars, so startled was he.

There had been no boat within reasonable distance ten minutes ago that could possibly have come up in the time; and the hail was emphatically not from the tug, for it seemed low down, on the water-level, almost—it sounded—out of the water. For a wild moment Mr. Toope thought of mermaids and groaned.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Ahoy," returned Mr. Toope resignedly. If there was some boat coming up—though it seemed impossible—he might as well let it know of his whereabouts. He had no craving to be run down on the high seas.

"Where are you?" called the voice.

"Here."

"Sing, zen, ahoy!"

"Ahoy," sang Mr. Toope, "ahoy—ahoy!"

"Goot! Pool out a leetle—this way—with ze tide." Mr. Toope found himself obediently paddling towards the voice, which was husky and rather gurgly as if full of brine, but imperious enough for all that.

"Have you fallen overboard?" he called out into the mist.

"No," said the voice. "Gently pool!"

Again Mr. Toope started, for the voice came up from just under the bows, and he was afraid for a moment that he had knocked its owner on the head and sunk him.

"Look ahead," he suggested hastily.

"Awraight. Gif me ze hand."

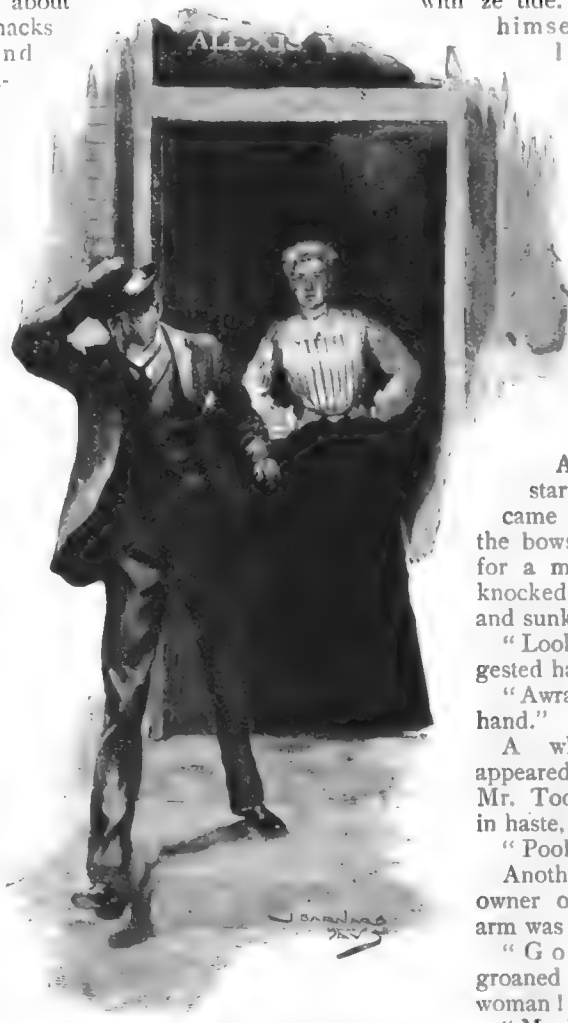
A white muscular arm appeared over the thwarts, and Mr. Toope shipped his oars in haste, and seized it.

"Pool!"

Another moment and the owner of the voice and the arm was on board—and——

"Good Heavens!" groaned Mr. Toope. "It's a woman!"

"Madame Bloskowski—ze chompion swimmaire of ze Channel!"



"Mind it's only fish you catch," Mrs. Toope flung after him.

The lady, who sat so composedly in the bows of Mr. Toope's craft as she made this extraordinary announcement in a manly and complacent voice, was arrayed in a swimming dress of elegant proportions. She had an oilskin cap over her hair, from which a draggled wisp or two had escaped, and a pair of large smoked spectacles protecting her

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eyes and clipped tightly at the back of her head.

For the rest her limbs were splendidly proportioned in a rather Amazonian mould, and she appeared to have been well rubbed with oil, after the fashion, Mr. Toope reflected, of an Esquimau.

"At the service of M'sieur, who is my rescuer," she continued in a gracious tone.

"Thank you," said Mr. Toope faintly. "The merest accident, I assure you."

It was—he felt—so mere an accident that had he guessed for a moment what manner of person was going to come on board, he would instantly have pulled with all his might in the opposite direction. For suppose Mrs. Toope had already set out to fetch him; suppose she found him hobnobbing—so to speak—in this unparalleled fashion with a lady who, to say the least of it . . . ?

Mr. Toope averted his eyes with a shudder, and Madame began to shiver.

"If it is permit to borrow ze cloak of M'sieur—horrible is ze cauld. . . ."

Mr. Toope passed his ulster in silence, and Madame arrayed herself in it. She seemed unconscious that Mr. Toope regarded her presence as an intrusion.

"I haf swim it may be forty mile. Ah, what disappointment! Nearly I haf crossed your channel. Nevaire was soch speed, soch verve, soch endurance! I am just arrived, when, lo, ze fog, ze cross tide, ze disappeared tog. I swim in ze darkness where I do not know, ontil I hear in my ear ze row of M'sieur, my preserver. Is it that M'sieur has to ze hand ze neep of cognac?"

It seemed to Mr. Toope, as he watched Madame nipping plentifully from his brandy-flask that destiny was against him. If only the mist would hold, there was just a chance that with the returning tide he might in a few hours be able to land Madame on some less known corner of the beach, from which, concealed in his ulster, she might make her way where she would. But, as a matter of fact, the mist seemed to be breaking; a ray of white sunlight was just creeping down, and Mr. Toope fancied—he painfully fancied—that he heard the stroke of oars in the distance.

"Is it ze tog?" asked Madame, observing him in an attitude of listening.

"No," said Mr. Toope sullenly. "It's a rowing boat."

"What pity!" said Madame. "Half I am in mind to swim forward and incommode M'sieur no more."

"Why don't you?" said Mr. Toope eagerly. "It would be a glorious thing to do. You'd beat all female records. You'd——"

"But ze tide," said Madame. "It is against me—what?"

Mr. Toope had started up in an excess of agitation, as a hail rang out from somewhere on the invisible waters.

"Nicholas!"

"Ma'am," said Mr. Toope desperately. "The tide's nothing—nothing. You'd get in easily. It's not more than a mile and a half. It's less, it's much less."

His manner and tone were so energetic that Madame seemed almost worked up to finish her glorious scheme. She rose once as if to dive off, considered a moment, and sat down again.

"No," she said. "I mos play ze fair. I have toch'd ze solid boat. It is no longer to swim. I rest."

"Nicholas!"

The call was much nearer at hand, and the dip of oars was distinctly audible. Madame Bloskowski was disrobing herself of her oilskin cap and the large fumed spectacles. Abundant black hair in a knot was revealed, and a pair of piercing black eyes, that were fixed on Mr. Toope (who was hugging himself now distractedly) in a kind of amused astonishment.

"M'sieur ails himself?" she inquired sympathetically.

Mr. Toope ailed to such an extent that he appeared to be contemplating a plunge into the depths of the sea.

"It's my wife, ma'am," he explained in a burst. "She's come to—to rescue me—and—I don't want to hurt feelings, but you must see . . . if I'm found with a lady . . . in a bathing-dress—alone . . . Georgina's so suspicious."

"Ah," said Madame Bloskowski, beaming upon Mr. Toope as upon one who has at last unravelled a puzzle, "it is ze hen-peck?"

"It's the blazes," said Mr. Toope, "begging your pardon. Oh lawk?"

For the champion swimmer had advanced upon him, and almost before he was aware of it had adjusted the spectacles to his head and clipped them. She proceeded to fasten the oilskin cap upon his temples, talking vigorously the while.

"Be tranquil, M'sieur, you haf ze disguise perfect. Now when Madame ze wife arrive, you observe ze silence of ze domb, as it might be a diver, and I converse. Ha! she is there. . . . ."

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"Why wear you ze cap, ze spectacles."

"Nicholas—Nicholas Toope—are you there—alive—why don't you answer?"

Thus anxiously Mrs. Toope came looming out of the mist in the stern of a boat which was being propelled by a boatman whom Mr. Toope recognised as one of his wife's *protégés*.

He sat like one frozen, as the boat lumbered up.

"Guard your oars!" cried Madame Bloskowski severely. "Are we to run down?"

"Beg parding, missus," began the boatman. "But 'ave you seen——"

"Have you seen"—Mrs. Toope spoke in anguish—"my husband—a middle-aged gentleman in a boat like yours? He was catching whiting . . . in this direction. . . ."

"I haf not seen anyone," said Madame boldly. "Ze mist is too great."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Toope. "Go on, Bill. Mr. Toope must be somewhere near here."

She barely glanced at the stooping figure in the spectacles, and when Mr. Toope dared to glance up from his oars a moment later, his wife's boat was once more lost in the mist, and there was a sort of snorting, lashing noise coming towards them.

"Ze tog?" cried Madame Bloskowski. "Thousand horrors . . . . we are athwart—ahoy—-a-a-ahoy——"

The process of being foundered is rarely very clear to those suffering from it. Mr. Toope was aware—as I have said—of the snorting, lashing noise that signified the tug's approach, of the lady swimmer's hoarse cries of vain warning to those on board, and he was dimly conscious of her diving clear just as the tug crashed into them.

For his own part, he sat, holding on to the thwarts tightly, as though thinking to keep the boat afloat by his pressure, until, amid a splintering of wood and gurgling of water, which seemed to be inside of him as well as all around, he sank into caverns of darkness. He came to himself on the deck of the steam-tug and wondered what was the matter and why he couldn't see clearly.

"Picking up, ole codger?" said someone in his ear.

"Thank you, yes," said Mr. Toope. "But I can't see."

"It's they spectacles," he heard his interlocutor saying, and remembered his disguise. "How did he get 'em? An' where's Madame?"

Mr. Toope sat up in a sudden recollection. He had been run down and rescued wearing the oilskin cap and dark blue spectacles of the champion lady swimmer of the Channel. How on earth could he explain his position?

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Even as he wondered, a hand was on his shoulder shaking him violently.

"Ho, you—scoundr-r-el, pir-r-rate—what do you wid ze spectacles of my wife, my glorious? Haf you bomped her on ze head an' made her to die. T-thief?"

A stout agitated little foreigner was capering round him, uttering distracted words. Mr. Toope fathomed that he was suspected of manslaughter.

"Wr-reckaire!" cried the little foreigner. "What of my wife? Speak!"

"I don't know," said Mr. Toope feebly. "I rescued her a little while ago—before you ran into us. She was on my boat then. That's all I know!"

"Why wear you ze cap, ze spectacles?"

"She gave them to me—out of gratitude," said Mr. Toope, groaning at the falsehood. "I wish she hadn't . . . I wish . . . I were drowned . . ."

He sank back again, and felt the fingers of someone unclipping his glasses and snatching off his oilskin cap.

"All that is remain to me—of my champion," he heard the little foreigner blubbering.

The tug had come to; and Mr. Toope heard the sailors calling stentorianly. He was abandoned in a buzz of talk indistinguishable owing to the tug letting off steam at that moment. Suddenly he heard a voice cry out joyfully:

"Francisca?"

And the masculine voice of Madame Bloskowski rang back:

"My husband! I haf fail, but I leeve."

"You are glorious for ever, my angel," returned her husband.

Mr. Toope struggled to his feet. The sun was streaming down again, leaving a clear patch of sea among the mists. A few yards off was a boat containing Madame Bloskowski, a boatman, and Mrs. Toope.

"Georgina!" cried Mr. Toope wildly.

"Nicholas!"

Next moment a scene much cheered by the sailors on board the tug had occurred. Mr. Toope, wrought up to a high pitch of emotion (increased by a fear of explanations in the ordinary course of events) had plunged like a porpoise into the sea, and was swimming to the boat, while with a dive decidedly more graceful Madame Bloskowski had precipitated herself in also, and was doing an exhibition stroke towards the tug.

"My wife!" cried the little foreigner as Madame was pulled up by a rope.

"Nicholas!" said Mrs. Toope once more, as the boatman hauled her husband over the thwarts by the scruff of the neck. But Mr. Toope had no time to spare then.

"Let's get back as quick as we can, my dearest Georgina," he said imploringly. "I will explain on the way. But I am wet—very wet!"

And so amid hurrahs from the sailors and thanks from Madame Bloskowski to Mrs. Toope ringing over the water, the tug put about, and the boatman began to pull for the beach. And Mr. Toope, trusting in the discretion of Madame and the unlikelihood of his wife's ever again coming across that champion swimmer, gave his own explanation of what had occurred, on the way back.

The satisfaction of having Nicholas again in her own charge was enough for Mrs. Toope.

"But no more whiting, mind," she said. "Not unless I'm with you, Nicholas."

HOW TO TEACH YOUR PUPPY TRICKS.

A dog that can perform a few amusing tricks is always more interesting than one, however intelligent, that has no such accomplishments. You can teach your dog to fetch your slippers, to shut an open door, to wear a hat and carry a flag, or to stand on his hind legs very easily. An interesting account of how puppies are best trained will be found in **THE LADY'S MAGAZINE**, *now on Sale, 6d., everywhere.*

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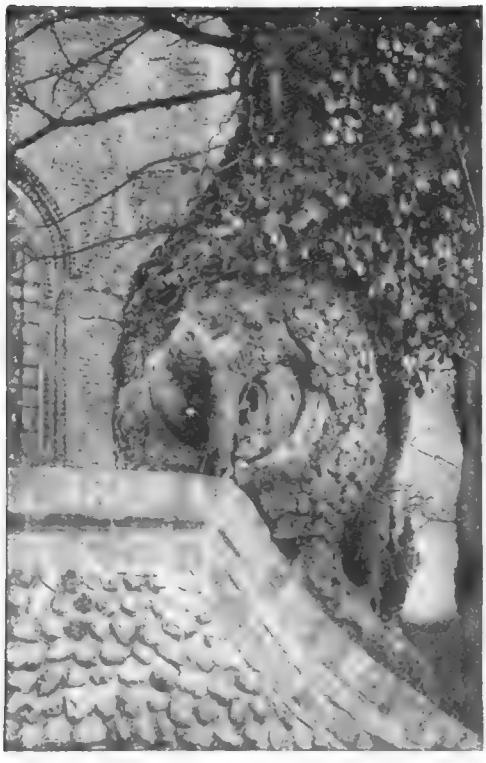

The Owl Tree of Liston.

MADE FROM A FARTHING.

Look at the photograph to the right. Mr. Rohn, of Dublin, took a farthing just like the one in the picture, and from it made a plate, a kettle, a cup, and a spoon, all very useful things, and had that little pile of pieces left over. The plate is two thirds of an inch long, the kettle measures about an inch each way, the cup half, and the spoon two-thirds of an inch.

Not a Prize Pig!

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Photographic Curiosities are at a Premium. The Editor of THE ROYAL *will Buy as many Good Ones as his Readers will send in.*

THE MOPING OWL.

LISTON, which is on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, is a typical east country village, with the usual straggling street, the usual inn where the good folk congregate of an evening, and the very pretty church.

Round the graveyard are a group of beautiful elms, and halfway up the side of one of these elms is the most extraordinary freak you ever saw. There is a big growth of bark that sticks out some twenty inches or so. This excrescence gives a perfect representation of an owl's head, two big dents on either side forming the eyes, and an overhanging portion making an excellent nose with a capital hook in it.

The owl tree, as it is called in the village, is quite one of the sights of the place, and cannot fail to strike one, especially if it be seen for the first time at night. It is quite alarming then.

A Farthing that has gone a long way.

NOT A PRIZE PIG.

This is not a prize pig, as you would at first imagine. On the contrary, he is a very respectable and genteel fox terrier with a pedigree. Only, unfortunately, he has grown most inordinately fat of late years.

With a mask on he has made a great hit as a pig in some recent private theatricals, and as the Moon's dog in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was a huge success. Perhaps we may see him on the London stage before long. Who knows?

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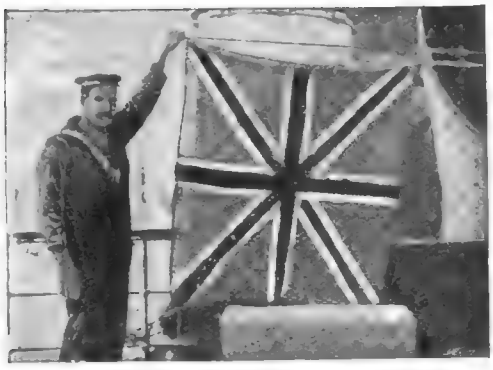

A Flag that has made history.

A FAMOUS UNION JACK.

The Union Jack that is reproduced here was hauled down at Standerton, in the Southern Transvaal, more than twenty years ago, when that town was, with the rest of the country, ceded to the Boers. It was solemnly and sadly buried, and the spot marked so that if the country became once more English territory it might again fly to the breeze.

This seemed a forlorn hope at the time, but a couple of years ago, when the town was captured from the Boers, the Union Jack was unearthed and replaced on its old flag pole.

The flag is now the property of General Sir Redvers Buller.

AN INDIAN WAR DANCE.

In Cuilapa, in Mexico, a unique play was lately performed. It was called "Cortez Conquering Mexico." The caste was a strange mixture, consisting of Spanish soldiers, a couple of jesters, two girls (supposed to be the daughters of Montezuma), and a troupe of Indians.

The head-dress of these was a huge framework of wire, on to which was fixed a collection of brightly coloured feathers. They were adorned with looking-glasses in shining gilt frames, and dressed in dazzling robes. This strange costume was completed with bands of gold braid. At first they danced slowly, but increased their pace until they seemed to fly over the ground, whirling round as only Indians can.

Strange Indian Head-dresses.

SQUASHED IN A SQUASH.

What do you think of this squash? Isn't it a beauty? It was grown in Canada by a farmer named Warnock, and its weight is three hundred and twenty-two pounds, or, to put it more simply, about the weight of two men.

The fruit was taken out, Mr. Warnock's little girl, who is just five years old, got inside, and a photographer stepped round with his camera. A very good job he made of it, too—and a pretty picture.

Have you ever tasted a squash? It is very good. It grows among the Indian corn, or maize as it is called in Canada, just as poppies grow in our wheat at home. The squash is a gourd, very hard on the outside, and when the fruit is taken out the shell is used to keep all sorts of things in. If you like you can boil water in it.

They seem to know how to raise squashes in Canada, and I don't think they go far wrong when they grow pretty little girls.

Mr. Warnock must be a proud father indeed to have such a charming little daughter, and such fine squashes—there are many others almost as large—on his estate.

A Giant Squash.

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I.

Mr. Josiah Brigson, senior churchwarden—when at home—of St. Agnes, Berkhampton, was comfortable—supremely so. A peerless southern sun, standing in the midst of absolute blue, poured its morning rays upon the waters of the Mediterranean, which lay spread out like a lake in front of him. Beneath him was one of the most comfortable of his Mentone hotel's verandah chairs. In his mouth he held his favourite briar. What could be more delightful?

I have already remarked that Mr. Brigson was comfortable. And this notwithstanding the fact that the excellent Jane, his spouse, was not with him.

"I do not require a holiday," she had said, "so why should I waste money upon taking one? Josiah shall certainly go alone, though how he will manage all by himself I cannot conceive."

From which it will be seen that the churchwarden's wife had a pretty low opinion of her husband's gumption, together probably, with a pretty high one of her own. Without actually belonging to the genus "henpecked," Mr. Brigson entertained as wholesome a respect for his good lady's powers as love for her character, an attitude of mind which had resulted in his becoming after a time rather more dependent upon her judgment than is generally deemed fitting in a member of the sterner sex.

So it was with somewhat mingled feelings that he had started off on his Riviera trip.

But so far everything had gone well. The dreaded journey was over. Paris (that snare of all innocents) had been passed in safety, Cannes and Nice each visited without the slightest mishap. Mentone, the last halting place on his tour, was proving perhaps the most delightful of all. The churchwarden began to think that touring alone was distinctly a more satisfactory method of recruiting strength than travelling with a burden of womankind upon one's hands. He smiled to himself as he lit his after breakfast pipe and leant back luxuriously to enjoy the view.

"Oh, Mr. Brigson," said a voice at his side, "I'm so glad to have found you at last! I've been looking for you everywhere."

The speaker was the charming Miss Vernon, a young lady who was staying at the hotel with an invalid aunt.

"Indeed?" said Brigson, much delighted, "and may I inquire what was the reason of your search?"

"I'm going to ask you a favour." This with a smile that went straight to the amiable churchwarden's heart.

"My dear young lady," he said, beaming through his green sun-spectacles, "I shall be only too happy to be of any service to you."

"It's not a very big thing," said the girl. "The fact is, I heard you say at dinner last

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night that you hadn't been to Monte Carlo yet, and—it's really rather a silly request I've got to make. I must warn you of that."

Mr. Brigson's conscience began to trouble him. What Miss Vernon had said to him was quite true. In reply to a question to someone at table he had answered in a manner vaguely indicating that his visit to the famous gambling resort was merely a question of time. But the truth of the matter was that his wife had absolutely forbidden his visiting the Principality of Monaco, knowing well (as she said with her usual frankness) that if he did so he would play the fool.

"Well," his companion continued, "when you go to the Casino I want you to take a ten-franc piece with you for me and risk it at roulette. Beginners always have wonderful luck, so you're almost sure to win. But don't be frightened, I shan't be angry if you lose." She took a seat beside him and began poking the gravel with the point of her parasol. "I'm afraid you think me awfully silly," she continued, glancing at Mr. Brigson's face, which was beginning to betray the conflicting emotions within.

"Oh no," he stammered, after a short pause. "It's not that; only I hadn't intended visiting Monte Carlo at all."

"Not visit Monte Carlo!" cried the girl, amazed. "Why, it's the most wonderful place on the Riviera. Oh, you absolutely must go there."

"But——" began Josiah, and then stopped. How could he possibly explain his reasons to her? Suppose that he were to say he had promised his wife not to go, what would be the result? The story with fifty additions would be all over the hotel in twenty-four hours. He writhed at the thought.

"Of course," said Miss Vernon, rising, "if you really don't want to go I won't trouble you any further."

Mr. Brigson wavered. The temptation was very great. His secret inclinations were in favour of going. The forbidden fruit had already proved a terrible temptation to him.

"Don't run away," he said at last. "I'll do what you ask—er—the fact is, I've changed my mind about visiting Monte Carlo." He came to a halt somewhat lamely; but the lady gave him no time for reflection.

"You're a dear!" she cried in ecstasy. "I feel quite certain now that you'll win splendidly. It's always people that don't care a bit about it who win the most. By the way, when will you be going?"

"I really do not know," Brigson said. "I hadn't thought about it yet."

"Then why not to-day?" she cried, laughing. "Strike while the iron's hot. There's a train immediately after lunch which you could catch and be back in time for dinner. I'll give you your final instructions before parting, so good-bye for the present." And she tripped gaily off without giving the gentleman time to reply.

Mr. Brigson spent the remainder of the morning over the self-imposed task of mastering the rules of roulette as given in Black's guide-book, and by lunch time had the mysteries of *pair et impair*, *cheval*, and *en prison* at his fingers' ends. He felt proud of his knowledge.

He encountered Miss Vernon in the hall as he was preparing to start for the train.

"Oh," she said, "do you know, I think I'll give you fifteen francs instead of ten. It's an odd number, and therefore ought to be luckier. As to how you're to invest it I don't know, except that you must risk it in a lump. It's too absurdly small a sum to be worth dividing up into stakes. I leave it to you to decide what to lay the money on. Presumably you understand the game better than I, and will know what to do best."

II.

"And this," said Mr. Brigson, devouring the gorgeous Casino door-porter with a concentrated green spectacle gaze, "*this* is Monte Carlo."

The official, in no way disconcerted by the scrutiny he had undergone, politely directed him to the bureau, where he was accommodated in a few minutes with a one-day admittance permit for the so-called *Cercle des Etrangers*. An instant later he had passed into the odd tense hush of the *Salles des Jeux*. He went up to the nearest table—which happened to be one for roulette—and took up a position behind the ring of chairs.

The extraordinary interest of the scene at once seized upon his attention. Before him he beheld an inlarged edition of the guide-book's coloured diagram, over which he had spent so much study; and he recognised with a thrill of pleasure that the whole affair was clearly comprehensible. Gold squares and numbers stamped on the cloth, a swift wheel revolving so smoothly in the centre, the six croupiers with their black cravats—all these were exactly and precisely as he had expected. For fully an hour he wandered from table to table enjoying the innocent amusement of

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merely looking on. But at length he decided that it was time to start work.

Mr. Brigson's conning of the informative Black had resulted in his reaching the very obvious conclusion that the least dangerous position for his stake would be one of the even chances. So, gripping the three coins between his finger and thumb, he leant over the shoulders of the person in front and with beating heart placed the money upon the inclosure devoted to supporters of *rouge*.

The croupier, having finished raking in the notes and gold lost at the previous game, reversed the wheel and with a quick wrist-jerk sent the tiny white ball whizzing round its course. "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs et mesdames,*" he said in a sing-song tone, "*faites vos jeux.*" In half a minute the cloth was besprinkled with stakes of a magnitude that threw Mr. Brigson's modest fifteen francs into the shade. "*Le jeu est fait,*" the voice went on. "*Rien ne va plus.*" The ball, which had been wavering for a moment on the outer ledge, now began to wobble down into the middle, and a moment later had settled home with a sharp click into one of the holes.

Our hero, leaning eagerly forward, perceived with a gasp of joy that the winning number was a red. In the short space of ninety seconds he had succeeded in doubling Miss Vernon's fifteen francs. The thought was a pleasing one and——

"Mr Brigson of all people!"

"*Faites vos jeux, messieurs et mesdames,*" said the monotonous voice.

Good Heavens! They were starting the next game already. The croupier was going to set the ball going afresh, and his precious thirty francs were still on the cloth. The whole sum might be swept away if black happened to turn up; on the other hand, of course, if red reappeared his money would be doubled once more. Sixty francs is not a sum to sneeze at. Should he or should he not risk the repetition of *rouge*? He stood in an agony of indecision.

Then suddenly it occurred to him to take back fifteen francs and leave the other half of the stake still down. Thus, if he were to lose he would be no worse off than at first; while if he won—well, at any rate, it would be better than nothing. The simplicity of the scheme charmed him, and he was about to put it into execution when a voice at his elbow struck him motionless.

"Mr. Brigson, of all people!" it said. "Dear me, this is a most unexpected pleasure. Who would have expected to see you here?"

The Rev. William Gregory, vicar of the church at which Mr. Brigson was the moving spirit, stood beaming down upon him with a smile that was ecclesiastical and bland. The reverend gentleman was in the midst of his annual winter holiday.

Mr. Brigson was startled.

"My dear vicar," he stammered, "I'm delighted to see you. This is indeed —er—a melancholy sight, is it not?" His eye wandered furtively to the red square.

"You are right," said the vicar, compressing his lips angrily. "Monte Carlo is, in my opinion, one of the worst plague-spots of Europe. Calm-minded persons like you and myself can view the temptation unmoved, but there are many to whom even the sight of the tables would be certain ruin."

"True, very true," murmured Josiah, who had scarcely heard his companion's remark. His attention was glued to the five-franc pieces. A red number had turned up again, and some gold had been added to his little pile.

"The scene, however, is not an uninstructive one——" the vicar went on; but Brigson heard him only as a distant murmur. A

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fresh game was commencing, and he longed to snatch his stake from the table lest it should all be lost at one fell blow. But he dare not. Mr. Gregory's eye was upon him and he trembled at the notion. To be discovered playing roulette in the Casino at Monte Carlo would be too awful. No; he must simulate complete indifference to the tables and wait with the best possible patience until left alone once more, which he devoutly hoped would be soon.

"Personally," the vicar was now saying, "I could never understand the delights of betting. To me the idea of taking somebody else's property without adequate return is inexpressibly distasteful. As a boy I rarely played marbles for 'keeps' as the expression is. Even whist with threepenny points is not very much to my taste, though at evening parties I occasionally—— Why, what's the matter?"

Mr. Brigson had given a very audible gasp, for out of the tail of his eye he saw that red was winning again.

"Oh, it's nothing!" he said. "The—the fact is I've got a touch of cold. It's rather draughty here, I think."

"Then let us move elsewhere, by all means," said the other.

"No, no, really!" cried Brigson, horrified at the suggestion; "I'd much rather stay where I am. But don't let me detain you on any account, if you wish to go."

"Not at all," said the vicar cordially. "I'll stick by you. It's not every day that one meets a friend so far from home as this."

Mr. Brigson was in despair. "But," he said in a faint voice, "the gardens, you know, and the—er—the Prince's castle; I'm afraid I'm keeping you from the sights. I've been told they're quite wonderful."

The vicar eyed his companion sharply. He was at a loss to understand the mild churchwarden's nervousness and excitement, which were by this time obvious.

"We'll visit all the places of interest together," he said kindly. "I've been longing for a companion in my wanderings. Touring alone is a sorry business, at best."

"Indeed, that will be delightful," replied Josiah. "But just at present I hardly feel—" He stopped, his eyes glittering with excitement.

The croupier with his wooden rake had pushed across some gold and a couple of hundred-franc notes to Miss Vernon's stake. Red had turned up once more. The little heap of money was increasing by the laws of geometrical proportion.

Mr. Brigson stood first on one foot and then on the other, itching with the desire to gather up his winnings and escape from the room. But he was helpless. And with a shudder he saw the ball started afresh upon its dizzy round. He felt a conviction that this game must see the end of his run of luck, and he would have to return to Mentone empty-handed after all. He inwardly wished Mr. Gregory at the bottom of the sea.

That worthy gentleman, quite unconscious that he was the cause of so much excitement, gazed with considerable anxiety at his friend.

"My dear fellow," he said in soothing tones, "you appear somewhat worried and distraught. The atmosphere of this horrible place is having a bad effect upon your nerves. The sight of so much wickedness has grieved you to an undue extent."

"It has not, I assure you—" the churchwarden began, and then halted, feeling that he had made a mistake. "That is," he added, "though hardly viewing these surroundings with total callousness, I—" He ceased abruptly, being absolutely devoid of words wherewith to complete his sentence. Indeed, he had not the very faintest idea of what he was talking about. His brain was in a whirl. Apoplexy was written large on his flaming countenance, and his breath came and went in spasmodic puffs.

The vicar began to be genuinely alarmed.

"You are ill; I must insist on your coming out into the open air with me immediately," he said, taking his companion's arm.

"No, no!" Mr. Brigson almost shrieked. "I will *not* be dragged away from here against my will." And he struggled free.

"Brigson!" exclaimed the other in amazement. "You are hardly yourself. Do allow me to——"

But he spoke to deaf ears. The *rouge* run was continuing, and the churchwarden had eyes for nothing but his precious stake, now swollen to really startling proportions. Yet the money might as well have been lying still in the bank's coffers for all the good it was to him. The afflictions of Tantalus were as nothing to those of our hero just then.

And then in a flash a great calmness fell upon him, and he began to realise how very suspicious his conduct must appear to the vicar.

"I really ought to ask your pardon for the way I addressed you just now," he said, turning to his companion. "The fact is that the game now proceeding here has quite riveted my attention. As you will doubtless have perceived, there is at present an extraordinary

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run on the red. The occasion, if I mistake not, will shortly become an almost historic one if that colour continues to appear much longer."

"Indeed?" said the clergyman a little coldly. He had hardly glanced at the table since meeting his friend.

"Yes," Mr. Brigson continued, trying hard to conceal his excitement. "Look! Red's won again!"

He was right. *Rouge* was gaining still, and by this time others as well as himself had noted the fact. Large sums were being placed upon the cloth at the side of his own, and, the news spreading through the room, a number of spectators began to gather in from every direction. The vicar felt disagreeably crushed by the crowd.

"Do let us get away," he said. "The *trente-et-quarante* tables are much more interesting than this."

"I'm afraid we can hardly manage to struggle out now," Brigson replied, nervously glancing round. "Besides, I don't understand *trente-et-quarante*."

"Oh, I'll explain it to you," offered the vicar heartily.

"No, really, I'd rather come some other time. But don't let me keep you here if you want to pass on. I wouldn't spoil your pleasure for worlds. Do go." The miserable Josiah's beseeching face would have moved a heart of stone. Red had again appeared, and his pile was now a perfect pyramid of banknotes, amongst which no sign was visible of the original five-franc pieces. They were buried beneath their own magnificent earnings.

Another round was about to commence when the croupier at the opposite side of the table leant across and said something in a low voice to his colleague. The latter looked faintly surprised, and putting down the ball, which he had been preparing to spin for the next game, he took up his rake and began to poke about amongst Mr. Brigson's money, much to that gentleman's horror.

"*Faites vos jeux*," the man murmured mechanically, as he turned over the notes and gold. "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs et mesdames.*"

His examination was evidently complete for he withdrew the rake and replaced it at his side.

"This stake," he said, "exceeds the maximum limit of six thousand francs permitted by the administration. Its owner must reduce it to the required amount before it can be accepted."

Mr. Brigson groaned. The crisis had come at last. Unless he claimed the money at once it would probably be forfeit to the bank. The thought was frightful. To win a magnificent sum like this and then to be compelled to abandon it again was too agonising. He almost felt brave enough to deliberately gather up his treasure, vicar or no vicar. But behind the vicar there loomed faint but distinct a vision of home and the figure of Mrs. Brigson, and in a moment he was paralysed once more.

The croupier gazed round with lack-lustre eye, and coughed once or twice in a deprecating manner.

"To whom does this stake belong?" he said at last.

Mr. Brigson's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

And then suddenly the end came. A voice broke in upon the general silence. An English voice—a female voice.

"Oh," it said, "that's mine. Sorry if I've delayed the game."

The churchwarden looked wildly round, unable to discover who was the speaker. But a second later he saw the precious pile gathered in towards the other side of the table, and perceived that the person who was thus calmly appropriating his property was a thickly-veiled lady in black, whose distinguished appearance—outwardly—he had noticed when first commencing play. Her audacity struck him dumb, and he glared at her with mingled feelings of anger and amazement.

The lady at that moment glanced up. Then she bent down once more and began to make some notes upon the back of an envelope. A fresh game had just concluded, and Brigson saw through a mist that zero was the winner, the first break that had occurred in the run of *rouge*. A wave of repulsion swept over him, and he turned and struggled out through the crowd, his heart bitter with rage against Monte Carlo and all its doings. The vicar followed him.

"Remarkable woman who won that large sum of money then," he said. "It's a pity, though, to see a person of her apparent attainments wasting her life here."

"Yes," answered Mr. Brigson faintly.

"Shall we have a look at *trente-et-quarante* for a bit now?" asked the vicar.

"Thanks, I think I'd rather not, at present," said the churchwarden. "I feel like taking a breath of fresh air."

The two moved out of the *Salles des Jeux* together.

"The gardens look most inviting," the

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"Hi!" cried the vicar.

vicar remarked. "Shall we go and sit on one of the benches under the trees?"

Josiah acquiesced, without enthusiasm. They sat silent for a while, and then the vicar cleared his throat preparatory to making a remark.

"This is indeed a lovely spot," he said. "And to think that we are actually within a hundred yards of such a sink of iniquity as the Casino. The words of that beautiful old hymn are brought very vividly to my mind. Is it not true of Monte Carlo that

Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

These gardens, for instance. What could be more exquisite than—" He ceased, with a start. His companion had risen and was hurrying rapidly away.

"Hi!" cried the vicar. "Brigson, I say! Are you off already? Dear me, what very extraordinary conduct! The man must be mad. He hasn't even given me his address, and I quite wanted to call and see him. I very much fear that this place with its exciting influences has been too much for his nerves. I do trust that he has not fallen under the influence of the gambling mania. That would be really shocking;" and the vicar solemnly shook his head over his friend's weakness.

The latter, in the meanwhile, longing above all things to be alone with his rage, rushed from the gardens and across the road. The *ascenseur*, at the top of which he found himself, was about to descend, so he hurriedly entered it and a moment later was deposited at the door of the railway station from which he had issued so happily an hour before. A Mentone train was due, and it was not long before he was able to fling himself on the padded seat of an empty compartment in it, devoutly hoping that no one would intrude upon his solitude.

But this was not to be; for, as they began to move, the door was thrown violently open, and a lady was assisted into the carriage by two obsequious porters.

Mr. Brigson looked angrily round, and then shrank back with an inarticulate cry. The intruder was his veiled enemy in the black dress.

"You!" he cried. "You! of all people." The remark was not a brilliant one. But, being all that he could say at the moment, its meaning was unmistakable.

The person thus addressed rose agitatedly from her seat. So did Mr. Brigson. The two glared at each other, panting. The sun, now declining towards the Mediterranean horizon, sent his horizontal rays full into the window of the compartment. They lit the lady and all the details of her somewhat sombre attire brilliantly, and even revealed a glimmer of the countenance behind her veil.

The churchwarden, standing with his back to the illumination and supporting himself by one hand on the luggage rack, gazed fascinated. As he gazed, his face blanched and his hair began to stand erect. There was something about that figure, something in the

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half-seen visage which seemed . . . But the light at that instant died, as though the sun were turned off at the meter. The train had rushed into one of the several rock tunnels through which the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranée passes between Monaco and Mentone.

With the roar of the cars in his ears, Brigson anxiously stared into the darkness. He was still staring when the tunnel ceased. As daylight poured in once more, he emitted a sound, half groan, half sigh.

The lady had removed her veil. It was Mrs. Brigson. A dreadful smile curved her lips.

"Jane!" exclaimed the churchwarden, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Precisely the question which I intended to ask *you*," she responded grimly.

He sank to his seat again and mopped his brow.

"I'm glad you rescued Miss Vernon's money, anyway," he remarked.

"Whose money?" There was an unexpected note of curiosity in the hitherto only severe voice.

Mr. Brigson wearily explained the cause of his gaming exploit.

"Ah," his spouse commented, "I perceive that your conduct is not so bad as I supposed when I arrived this afternoon on a surprise visit at Mentone and the hotel porter told me you had gone off to Monte Carlo. I feared you would be flinging away our modest income, and therefore adopted the (to me highly distasteful) course of spying on your actions in a disguise. I thought I should have sunk through the floor with shame when I saw the vicar meet you; but I must confess I was agreeably disappointed when I observed that you had the presence of mind to sacrifice your stake rather than let him get an inkling that you were engaged in play. The abandonment of the money was the most sensible thing you've done for a long time, Josiah."

"But it wasn't mine to abandon," Josiah faintly—exceedingly faintly—protested.

"Which is just why I consider you acted sensibly," snorted his wife. "However, I have it safe for you here. It comes to seven thousand six hundred and eighty francs."

The visibly mollified Jane handed her spouse a reticule bulging with the gains of the three five-franc pieces.

"You'd better pay it to your young lady friend at once, and we can move on towards Italy to-morrow. The atmosphere of this neighbourhood isn't good for you."

"Certainly, Jane, certainly," the churchwarden acquiesced. He began to realise that bondage owns some advantages after all.

Moreover, he appeared to have escaped from his troubles extraordinarily cheaply. To Miss Vernon he might now pose as a daring and successful operator at roulette. And, indeed, that young lady's delight and amazement when he presented her with the booty amply compensated for any unpleasantness he had undergone. She regarded him with such flattering admiration, and thanked him so prettily, that he almost felt inclined to repeat his wicked experiences. He was a hero in her eyes. What more could the amiable churchwarden desire? Why, simply his wife's approval also. And this he had actually attained, though he could hardly have explained how. Wherefore Mr. Brigson's cup of bliss was full to overflowing.

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How-to--Breathe

If you follow the Rules in this Article you will insure yourself good Health.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

Sleep always with your window open, but *not* open at the bottom. This causes a draught, and is likely to give you rheumatism or a bad cold.

Breathing is quite the simplest thing in the world, and yet not one person in twenty breathes correctly or appreciates the value of fresh air.

There is an American book entitled "Shut your mouth and save your life," and the title is not nearly so far fetched as it sounds. The nose, *not* the mouth, is the organ through which air should be taken into the lungs, and yet most people are mouth breathers.

This is the best arrangement for a bedroom. Open the window at the bottom, afterwards fitting a board tightly into the window frame. This prevents a draught, but allows air to pass between the upper and lower window sashes.

Now, mouth breathing is a habit which cannot be too strongly condemned; not only has the habitual mouth breather an inane expression, owing to the necessity of that organ being kept unbeautifully open, but he also is apt to render night hideous to his near neighbours by what are vulgarly known as "snores."

Nor are these the least of the evils that beset the mouth breather. He is fortunate, indeed, if he does not fall a victim sooner or later to some throat or chest disease, of which adenoidal growths are the most common.

The air in passing through the air passages of the nose becomes warmed before it reaches the lungs, and these passages are provided by nature with a marvellous apparatus that filters the air, and so prevents dust and germs from entering the lungs. But when the air is *impure* and breathed through the mouth this is not the case.

The habitual mouth breather is a lazy breather, and takes short, ineffectual breaths, the consequence being that the lungs are never properly filled and emptied. The blood, therefore, is not sufficiently purified, and a layer of bad air lies like a layer of mud at the bottom of a pond waiting ready to be stirred up and create general disturbances in the health.

If a man or woman feels out of sorts, a bit below par in fact, the first question they should ask themselves is: "Am I breathing properly, and is the air I breathe of the best quality obtainable?" Oh, the difference between those who can and do breathe

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properly and those who won't and think they can't. Contrast the narrow chest, stooping shoulders, muddy complexion, and dull eyes of the former, with the splendid development, clear skins, and sparkling eyes of the latter.

Fresh air is the greatest health factor that exists, the finest blood purifier known. Yet most people are terribly afraid of air, working in stuffy offices, sleeping in badly ventilated bedrooms,

A simple, but useful breathing exercise. Take up the position shown in the photograph and draw in the breath, slowly and deeply, twelve times through the nose, letting it out in the same way.

year round, see that the chimney is not stopped up and that the register is open. In the keen desire for fresh air it is not advisable to rush to the other extreme and sink into the land of dreams with the bottom of the window thrown wide open. The result will show itself in a rheumatic neck and shoulders, and, in addition, very likely a swollen face, the possession of which will make he victim conclude that fresh air is a snare and a delusion.

In order to insure perfect ventilation without a draught, a contrivance known as the "costless ventilator" may be adopted with impunity. It consists merely of a thin strip of wood fitted into the frame of the window when open. This allows a constant current of air to pass between the upper and lower parts of the window. The room is thus kept absolutely fresh and a restful and healthy night's rest is the enviable result.

Having then demonstrated the necessity for fresh air, and having shown *how not to breathe*, I will proceed to describe a few simple exercises that, if persevered in, will enable anyone to acquire the habit of correct breathing.

A careful study of the accompanying photographs and following out of the directions will make this quite simple. I will just remark in starting that all breathing exercises should be done either in the open air or

If the lungs do not work equally, by holding one hand above the head and breathing deeply, the lung on that side will gradually increase its air capacity

and never realising that in breathing air that has been breathed over and over again, they are taking in so much poison.

It is a fallacy that night air is injurious. Far from it. Sleep with the bedroom window open slightly at the top all the

An excellent exercise, and a simple one, consists of breathing through the nose, deeply and slowly, while lying flat on the floor.

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before an open window, and that they should be done with the smallest amount and loosest of clothing on.

Stand with the heels together and the shoulders well back, the hands on the hips, keep the mouth firmly shut and draw in a slow deep breath through the nose, filling the lungs as full as possible and then letting the air as slowly out *through the nose* also. This is the simplest of all the breathing exercises, and should be done twelve times night and morning for a week before anything more advanced is attempted.

This completed, it is advisable to learn to breathe equally with both lungs, a by no means invariable accomplishment. It is as well to stand in front of a looking-glass for a time or two while acquiring this exercise in order to find out which lung shirks work, and, having discovered this, make that lung do double work until it fills as readily as the other.

Stand in the correct position before doing any exercise, that is, heels together, toes out, chest well forward, waist well in, and head erect. Then raise the right arm over the head and press the left hand firmly against the chest, the back of the hand coming just under the armpit. Take a long deep breath through the nose, and when the lungs are filled to their fullest capacity, expel the air with a good deal of force through the mouth.

Another good breathing exercise—clasp the hands across the ribs, fill the lungs by breathing in air through the nose, then blow the air out by the mouth.

For the next exercise, stand erect, bending slowly backwards as the lungs are filled through the nose——

——bending forward again as the air is expelled. All these exercises should be done in the open air, or before an open window.

The lung on the right side will, owing to the raised arm, expand more than the left. Now change arms and repeat the breathing, noticing carefully whether the left lung is filled as full as the right one was; if not, repeat twice without changing the arm, and then change again.

This exercise mastered thoroughly, do the two now acquired daily, and practise the next—which is done lying on the floor. It is extremely necessary to lie perfectly straight, the shoulders and hips resting squarely on the floor, the heels together and the toes apart.

This exercise is capable of several variations. At first simply breathe in deeply and slowly through the nose, keeping the mouth *tightly* shut both during the

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The good effect of the breathing exercises will be increased if the muscles are developed as well. A simple way of developing the chest muscles is to swing the arms rapidly round like the sails of a windmill.

breast; expiration takes place as the body bends forward.

A sufficient number of breathing exercises have now been given to enable anyone with a little perseverance very materially to increase the lung capacity, and so benefit the general health. Measure the chest, passing the tape under the arms, before commencing the course of exercises, and note the measurements. Measure again in a month and the increase in size should be distinctly noticeable, and at the end of two or three months clothes that were loose before should begin to feel decidedly tight across the chest.

Although, as I before said, the breathing exercises develop the lung capacity and so indirectly enlarge the chest, yet the improvement is much more marked if the chest is taking in and sending out of the air. Secondly, take in the air through the nostrils as before, and when the lungs are filled to their fullest capacity, force the air out through the mouth. Thirdly, the arms may be slowly raised above the head during the act of *inspiration*, or breathing in, and returned to the sides again during *expiration*, or breathing out.

The "step-ladder" exercise, besides developing the chest, prevents round shoulders. Grasp the sides of the ladder firmly——

——then swing forward, throwing out the chest as far as possible.

Two more breathing exercises before passing on to muscular chest development. Stand erect, clasp the hands across the ribs above the waist, inspire through the nose, forcing the ribs out against the hands, and then expire noisily through the mouth.

For those who like variety the following exercise may be adapted for breathing, though it is valuable in strengthening the trunk muscles as well, and may be practised slowly and evenly while breathing in an ordinary manner. As a breathing exercise the act of inspiration takes place as the operator bends backward and the chest should swell like a pouter pigeon's

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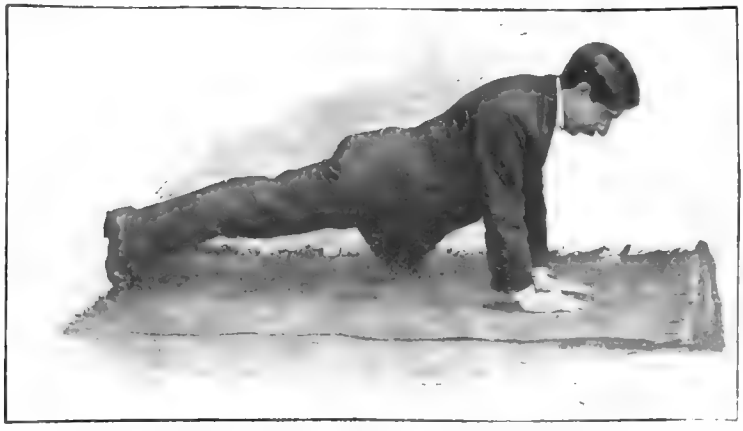
muscularly developed as well. This is effected in the simplest of ways by swinging the arms rapidly backwards and outwards, round and round like the sails of an animated windmill. It is is an exercise every man and woman should do daily.

Chest and shoulder exercise is also necessary, in addition to the lung and muscle exercises. Lie prone on the floor, the toes and palms of the hands touching the ground.

Then rise slowly by pressing with the arms. First into this position; then, when this exercise is mastered——



——into this, keeping the body rigid and as straight as a poker.

The next set of exercises effect a great many things besides merely developing the chest; they flatten the back, preventing a tendency to round shoulders.

All of the exercises described are equally suitable for men or women and should be practised by each alike. The step ladder exercise — which can be done equally well on a bed-rail of correct height—should be attempted first. See the ladder is steady, grasp the support on either side, plant the feet firmly on the floor and without moving hands or feet, let the body fall forward, and stand in that position for a few seconds, afterwards slowly return to the first position, rest for a moment, and then repeat.

A last exercise. You must never forget to remember that it is advisable to temper zeal with discretion in commencing a course of exercises. Begin very slowly, mastering one exercise thoroughly before attempting the next, and resting between each. Do the exercises at a given time and do them regularly. Don't breathe violently half-a-dozen times twice a week and then expect increased chest measurements, but do each exercise half-a-dozen times *daily*, week in, week out till they become a second habit, and the sure reward of that greatest of gifts—health—will be yours,

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Being another shameless Escapade in the idle and good-for-nothing Existence of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

By Charles James.

Leaning carelessly against the rails at the head of the landing steps, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, Mr. Dimmock one afternoon witnessed the coming alongside of a fine yacht's gig. In the stern-sheets sat a short, thick set man of about fifty-five, with a red bulbous nose, which had certainly not been painted from the outside, three ladies, all more or less good-looking, and attired in nautical serge, and a young man, with a crisply-tong'd moustache, and sporting a single eyeglass. The four sturdy "hands" wore flat man-o'-war caps, and on their blue, tight-fitting jerseys was emblazoned the name of the yacht they belonged to, the *Ariadne*.

As the party alighted, and began to walk up the steps to the top of the pier, the stout man, who was apparently the owner, bawled in loud, pompous tones to his crew the one word, "Wait!"

The bow man touched his cap, and then the great man waddled up the steps after his friends, pushed Mr. Dimmock rudely aside as he reached the top, and passed on his way down the pier.

Mr. Dimmock removed the pipe from his lips and looked after the personage with a plaintive expression in his solemn eyes, and a gentle, negative shake of the head. Then he sighed and murmured—

"Ah, more work for me to do, I see. Why could not Fate have left me in peace just for a few short days? Why am I thus ruthlessly thrust forth to administer a lesson to this pushful villain, who seems to think the whole place belongs to him? However, it is my mission in life to punish such ill-bred conduct, and, being my mission, I will not shrink from it."

He sighed sadly again, and then with a twinkle in his eye promptly proceeded to take observations and lay his plans. Strolling back to his hotel, he found from the yacht register that the *Ariadne* was a yawl of 130 tons, and belonged to a Sir James Busterford.

A few judicious inquiries then elicited that the worthy knight was a successful wine merchant in the city, and had only enjoyed his title for some twelve months, and since his accession to that dignity had suddenly blossomed out into a yachtsman. Meantime Mr. Dimmock had dispatched his trusty servant, East, to stroll down to the yacht steps and make casual inquiry of the gig's crew as to how long the *Ariadne* was likely to stay off the Isle of Wight.

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East, as an old ship's steward, found no difficulty in executing his master's order, and soon returned with the information that the *Ariadne* would certainly not leave Ryde for the next two days, as the owner was going up to town the following morning. On the Wednesday a friend of Sir James's was expected to join them. After taking him on board they were bound for the West.

Mr. Dimmock nodded in silent satisfaction, and on the back of an envelope jotted down "Sir James B., wine merchant—probably wishes to advertise the business by painting his nose with his own wares—*Ariadne*, 130-ton yawl. Sir J. going up to town to-morrow by 8.55, returning to *Ariadne* same evening—query."

"Yes," repeated the plotter, putting away his notes. "Query."

And then he lit another pipe and went for a contemplative stroll.

Next morning at 8.45 Sir James came ashore, waddled up the pier, and caught the 8.55 boat, *en route* for London.

Mr. Dimmock also crossed to Portsmouth by that boat, watched his intended victim safely into the train for London, and then immediately sent a wire to the skipper of the *Ariadne*, which ran as follows:

"Shall not return to-night. Send gig to steps to meet my friend at one to-day. Obey all his instructions as to sailing, and prepare my cabin for him. Shall probably join at Dartmouth."

After dispatching this wire, Mr. Dimmock proceeded on board the next boat for Ryde, and returned to his hotel, East having packed a small kit bag and fetched a porter to carry it. His master patiently awaited the hour of one o'clock.

At that time he duly presented himself at the yacht steps and finding the gig awaiting him, gravely touched his cap in return for the respectful salutation of the crew, stepped in, and taking the yoke lines, was quickly rowed out to a fine looking yawl lying about two hundred yards west of the pierhead. The skipper received him at the gangway.

"Sir James wired that you would give orders about our sailing, sir," he said as soon Mr. Dimmock was aboard. "Shall we get under weigh to-day?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Dimmock, "but before deciding anything, I'll just go below and consult the rest of the party. Where's the steward? Oh, here he is. Good-day, steward. Sir James, as you know from the skipper's wire, is not returning for some days, so you can put me into his cabin."

"Cert'nly, sir. It's all ready. The ladies is having lunch in the saloon, but Mr. Timms and Mr. Boodler has gone ashore and won't be back for another half-hour. Will you wait, or ——"

"Oh, I'll go below and join the ladies at luncheon now," returned Mr. Dimmock, and the next minute he was shown into the saloon.

He made a comprehensive bow to the three fair ones, who, delighted at the accession of such a good-looking young man to their party, welcomed him with great cordiality.

He took a seat, and proceeded to help himself to cold lamb and some very excellent salad, chattering away with the greatest fluency all the time. Before Mr. Timms—the young gentleman with the eyeglass and severely-tong'd moustache—and Mr. Boodler—a youth rejoicing in sandy hair, freckles, and a squint—arrived, Mr. Alfred Dimmock was already established firmly in the feminine good graces.

One of the ladies was a grass widow, and therefore considered competent to *chaperon* the other two. She was a Mrs. Heath, and Dimmock soon found that she was not a person likely to force her company on her own husband, apparently preferring the society of other men. But having passed through the weird ceremony of marriage, she was now invested with an implied precedence of the single ladies, and to her, therefore, Mr. Dimmock paid the most assiduous court.

"How strange that Sir James never even told us we were to expect a guest to-day!" pouted the pretty Mrs. Heath.

"Didn't he, really? Well, he's such an awful ass—I mean that Jimmy and I are such old friends that we always do as we like with each other's property, don't you know? I use his yacht; he uses mine. I shoot his coverts; he shoots mine. I——"

"But Sir James doesn't shoot," interposed the lady.

"Of course not; that's what I say. I shoot *his* coverts, and he—uses my yacht."

"Oh! Well, he really is a puzzling man. Not long since he said this was the only yacht he'd ever been on."

"Ah, that's his playful way! Dear old Jimmy! You mustn't take *everything* he says as—as quite gospel, you know."

"Where are his 'coverts'?" put in the girl on Mrs. Heath's right.

"Oh! anywhere—Kent, Surrey, Sussex; wherever he fancies a place. 'Covers for two,'" said Mr. Dimmock carelessly.

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They laughed and chatted through the meal, and, in answer to the interloper's inquiries, the ladies professed themselves perfectly willing to sail to any part of the coast which he should choose.

This being so, he never even consulted Messrs. Timms and Boodler, further than to say, "I suppose it's all one to you, eh, my boys?" and, although neither of them wished to leave Ryde, they felt utterly helpless to resist Mr. Dimmock's flow of language. The latter then merely added:

"That's all right. I'll just run up on deck and give old ——, the skipper, orders, and we'll get as far as Swanage Bay to-night."

Half-an-hour later, in a light, steady breeze, the *Ariadne* was making her way down towards Cowes and the West Channel. The wind was almost dead aft, and soon the spinnaker was boomed out, and they began to go through the water at a rapid rate.

The ladies all came on deck, and sat about in the Turkey red covered chairs, listening to some amusing "yarns" which Mr. Dimmock was spinning for their express edification. Then, going below for a mandoline, which he had espied lying on the saloon sofa, he returned, sat himself on a stool at the pretty feet of the grass widow, and sang two or three songs from the latest comic opera, playing an admirable accompaniment on the somewhat "tinny" instrument he held.

Mr. Dimmock had an excellent baritone voice, and was a good all-round musician. When he had finished his performance the widow gazed at him with undisguised admiration. Then, turning to her nearest companion, she said:

"There, Rosie, you'll never want to play your own accompaniments again, whilst Mr.—er—Mr.——"

"Barkins," interjected Dimmock.

"Whilst Mr. Barkins remains on board," she concluded.

Rosie made a pretty little *moue*.

"I shan't dare to sing at all whilst Mr. Barkins is here. His voice is so divine that he'll think mine like a cracked flute!"

Mr. Dimmock playfully held up a warning finger.

"Now Ro—I mean Miss, Miss—how stupid I am in forgetting names——"

"Simmins," said Rosie softly.

"Miss Simmins, of course," he went on glibly. "I won't have you decry your own voice. I know you sing sweetly—yes, as well as if I had heard you. Happy thought!" he exclaimed gaily, "I *will* hear you, and at once. Now I'll play any accompaniment you like——"

"Oh, but I *couldn't* sing to a mandoline, and on deck," she urged. "I'll sing after dinner to-night, if you — Do you play the piano?"

"Do I not! And I will not wait till this evening. No, Miss Simmins, I insist on hearing your voice now, at this moment. Come along!"

"Very well, then, Mr. Barkins, as you insist, we'll go into the saloon and I'll sing you just one song—only one, mind," she said, looking archly at him.

Mr. Dimmock at once sprang to his feet, and turning to Mrs. Heath said, in tones of mock gravity—

"My expected pleasure in the music is only dimmed by the thought that I must for a few minutes deprive myself of your society!" And the lady, whose feathers had been slightly ruffled by his proposed desertion, was immediately pacified. She gave the speaker her sweetest smile in response to his compliment.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock followed Miss Simmins down the companion into the saloon, and shut the door.

"My dear Miss Simmins, I feel as though fate were in some way responsible for my coming on board here to-day and meeting you. I feel as though we had known each other for years!"

"Mr. Barkins, you are a very silly man. Now find me 'Love's Awakening.'"

"'Love's Awakening'! Charming idea, and so appropriate, too . . . . Confound it, here's the steward!" Then as the door was again closed, "That's all right." Seating himself at the piano he lightly rattled out a few notes, and then said: "Jimmy's very musical, isn't he?"

"Sir James, do you mean?"

Dimmock nodded; he was humming over the song whilst he played the accompaniment.

"Oh, dear no, not at all! Why, whatever made you think he was musical? He doesn't know one note from another!"

"Of course not. Ignorant old fool, isn't he?" returned Mr. Dimmock airily.

Miss Simmins looked rather astonished, but made no reply. Then she stood up beside him at the piano and sang.

And at the close of the performance Mr. Dimmock sincerely hoped she would not repeat it as long as he remained on board.

But he overwhelmed her with praise, until the steward entered with the tea-tray.

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Afternoon tea was a very pleasant function that day. Each one of the ladies vaguely thought that the fascinating newcomer was paying her, individually, some attention over and above that which he was devoting to the other two—for even with the third — Miss Lily Greene — he had contrived, by a pathetic look, to convey the impression that opportunity alone was wanting for him to express his admiration for her.

As to the two young men of the party, they had quite "taken a back seat," in the language of the vulgar.

The *Ariadne* cleared the Needles, and shaped her course for Swanage. The weather was glorious though the breeze was strengthening, and she took a fair wind nearly the whole way with her. A couple of miles off the Old Harry rock, the skipper asked "Mr. Barkins" whether he intended to go ashore at Swanage.

"Certainly. We will bring up and stay the night there."

"Sir James, sir, mostly goes to Portland," said the skipper, who did not quite appreciate the notion of lying in such an exposed spot.

"So much the better," thought Mr. Dimmock to himself. "He'll probably go on there from Ryde." Then turning to the ladies, he said gaily: "You must all come ashore and be my guests at the hotel, for dinner You chaps will come, too, won't you?"

"Confound it, here's the steward!"

The "chaps" alluded to, Messrs. Timms and Boodler, helpless in the whirlwind of Mr. Dimmock's cyclonic friendliness, could but feebly acquiesce. They would much rather have remained on board, but their new "friend" was simply overpowering. They had to obey.

And that evening at the same time as the merry little party sat down to dinner in the hotel, a much mystified man—none other than the great Sir James Busterford—was pacing angrily up and down Ryde pier, alternately cursing his skipper and wondering what in the world had become of his yacht.

Mr. Dimmock's little dinner — supplemented by some specially chosen champagne —was an unqualified success. The host made himself most agreeable and flirted with each of the ladies in turn, in a manner which said much for his long practice and great dexterity in "driving a team."

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After dinner, Mr. Dimmock slipped out of the room and consulted a railway time-table. The first train which could bring the outraged owner of the *Ariadne* to Swanage, arrived at 10 a.m. Whereupon our friend decided to tell the skipper that they would make a start at 9.45 next morning.

"Are we bound for Portland, sir?" asked the latter.

"No," said the self-made master of the vessel, as he reflected that Sir James might just as likely turn up at Portland as at Swanage. "We'll get away down to Torquay. You don't mind?" he asked, turning to the ladies, who chorussed an "Oh, no!" whilst Rosie, emboldened by the darkness of the night softly murmured:

"Anywhere with you!"

And Mr. Dimmock squeezed her fingers lightly, and handed her down the companion, turning immediately to Mrs. Heath and tooking tenderly into her eyes as he performed the like office for her. He then gently pressed Miss Lily Greene's arm and sighed audibly as he bade her "good night" in low lingering tones which sent that young lady below in ecstasies to dream of "Mr. Barkins's" solemn eyes and romantic manner all night long. And then this charming mannered man lit a cigar, handed another to the skipper, and paced the deck complacently for half-an-hour before turning in and sleeping the sleep of the just.

Next day, almost before the yacht had cleared Peveril point on her way west, Sir James Busterford, haggard and furious, arrived at Swanage station and rushed off to the bay. He was just in time to catch a last fleeting glance of his ship as she began to curtsey to the lively movement of the Race, and spread her topsail to catch the favouring breeze.

Sir James wiped the perspiration from his brow as he gasped out:

"She must be bound for Portland! But *what* can be the meaning of this mad flying about from port to port without any orders? Surely Mrs. Heath can't be daring to play *me* a trick! If so, I—I—I'll have her in prison for it, by Jove, I will!"

And, shaking his fist at the retreating yacht, he rushed off without delay to the station, *en route* for Portland.

Late in the afternoon he arrived there, but there was no sign of the *Ariadne*. So, early next morning, the wretched man again took train, this time for Torquay, after passing a sleepless night at Portland.

The *Ariadne* had again defeated him, getting under weigh just one hour before her irate owner arrived.

But this time Sir James's inquiries as to his yacht's movements were more successful than they had been before. Grown careless by success, Mr. Alfred Dimmock had failed to take his usual precautions of not telling the skipper until just before sailing where they were bound for next day; and one of the hands, going ashore in the dinghy, early, with the steward, to get the milk, bread, etc., had casually mentioned to a brother "hand" on the quay that the *Ariadne* was bound for Dartmouth—a very short sail. This information, filtering through two or three other people, finally reached the ears of the justly-incensed Busterford. He determined to take train forthwith for Dartmouth, and then——

"And then," quoth he, with a look of savage fury in his eye, and a rich hue of scarlet colouring his fiery and bulbous nose, "whoever's to blame in this disgraceful affair shall suffer! I'll have no mercy on the culprit. If it's that Mrs. Heath—she's the only one on board who'd dare, I *know*—then I'll prosecute her!"

But there was one other person on board who "dared," as we know, though Sir James Busterford did not. And Mr. Alfred Dimmock was a force to be reckoned with.

The *Ariadne* made a quick trip past Brixham Point, and, with a light sailing breeze, soon entered the lovely harbour of Dartmouth.

Kingwear Castle and the gloriously wooded heights on either side produced a torrent of praise from the ladies, and even a feeble word or two of admiration from Messrs. Timms and Boodler, the whole party being strange to the place.

But Mr. Dimmock had eyes for none of those things. He was busily engaged in packing up his kit bag and making ready for the shore.

As soon as they had brought up and let go their anchor, he slipped a liberal "tip" into the hand of the skipper, and told him to have the gig lowered. On the way down from Torquay he had imparted the sorrowful (to them) news to his fair companions that he must get back to London forthwith; so they were prepared, though disconsolate.

"But perhaps you'll be joining us again before the cruise is ended, Mr. Barkins?" said the grass widow, with an engaging smile.

"Perhaps. One never knows one's luck?" returned Mr. Dimmock lightly. "Still, I should think it improbable!" he added, dry-shaving his chin with a thoughtful air.

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The farewells made (not without a suspicion of tears in Rosie's bright eyes), Mr. Dimmock first having tipped the steward handsomely, and left a sum of money to be distributed amongst the crew, together with a note addressed to Sir James Busterford, went down the steps into the gig lying alongside.

The ladies clustered about the bulwarks, each feeling horribly jealous of the other two, and blew kisses to him as he was rapidly rowed away towards the railway-station steps, and then Mr. Dimmock saw them no more.

Stepping ashore, he declined the proffered assistance of one of the "hands" to carry his bag up, and taking it himself he nodded to the boat's crew a farewell, and walked off. He had just obtained a ticket at the booking-office when his attention was attracted to a stout man with a loud, blustering voice, who had just alighted from the down train.

He was speaking to one of the station officials in tones which might have been heard a hundred yards off.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock stepped into a "First Smoker."

"Have you seen anything of my yacht, the *Ariadne*, y'know—big yawl, y'know—left Torquay this morning for Dartmouth—bound to be here by now—Sir James Busterford's, y'know; *I* am Sir James Busterford!"

And the fussy person positively swelled in size as he rolled the title unctuously over his tongue.

"Pardon me, sir," said Mr. Dimmock, stepping up to him, "what did you say was the name of your yacht?"

"*Ariadne*—big yawl, y'know——"

"'Arry who?" asked Mr. Dimmock politely.

"*Ariadne*, I said, sir," returned Sir James with ill-concealed irritability. The hunt—hitherto a fruitless one—for his missing yacht had not improved the man's naturally irascible temper.

"Oh, then, it is all right. I myself saw her less than ten minutes ago, lying not far from the station steps."

"Much obliged to you, sir," answered Sir James in a gruff voice. "The fact is that some scoundrel seems to have played me a trick and made free with my yacht, and now that I've run her down at last, and come, as it were, face to face with the villain, I'll—I'll prosecute him, sir——"

"With the utmost rigour of the law," chimed in Mr. Dimmock gravely, finishing the sentence for him as he gazed straight into the other's fiery countenance.

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"That's just what I mean to do if it costs me a thousand pounds!" exclaimed Sir James vehemently.

"May you obtain complete redress from the piratical rascal! Good day, sir. It's almost a pity that they've given up the good old fashion of swinging pirates from the yard-arm now, isn't it? However, 'the old order changeth,' eh? Well, my train's on the point of starting, so once more good luck and good day."

And still smiling seraphically, Mr. Alfred Dimmock stepped into a "First Smoker," lit a cigar, and was gently carried out of Dartmouth Station on his way East.

Quite alive to the possibilities of the electric telegraph and the fact that Scotland Yard might be invoked to provide an escort for him on his arrival at Paddington Station, he alighted at Exeter, slept at the Rougemont Hotel there, and reached London by the mid-day South-Western train the following day.

And when Sir James Busterford got on board his yacht in a state of suppressed fury, a perusal of the brief note which his late uninvited guest had left for him, by no means allayed the irate knight's savage anger. The letter ran thus:

"Yacht *Ariadne*,
"DEAR BUSTERFORD, Dartmouth.

"So much obliged to you for most successful little cruise. Cooking and champagne unexceptionable, but claret not *quite* the thing, eh? Sure you'll agree with me—but don't think the claret *would*. If you'd like to have me aboard again, all you have to do is to write—and find out my address. Ta ta, Busterford, old man, ta ta."

DOROTHY'S FORTUNE.

DOROTHY'S telling her fortune true
In the field 'mid the new-mown hay,
And Robin, dear Robin, is waiting to hear
What the oracle grass shall say.
"Tinker, tailor," she slowly says—
And the seeds drop one by one
As she plucks them from their shining stalk
(And the seeds are nearly done)—
"Soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man,
Beggarman—Robin a beggar? Ah me!"

"Dorothy dear,
'Tis true, I fear,
I'm always a-begging, dear heart, from thee."

But, turning aside from Robin tall,
With the tiniest little frown,
She chooses a stalk from the long rye-grass,
And again the seeds drop down.
"Tinker, tailor," she slowly says—
And the seeds drop one by one
As she plucks them from their shining stalk
(And the seeds are nearly done)—
"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,
Rich man—Robin, how can this be?"

"Dorothy dear,
To me 'tis clear—
Have I not riches if I have *thee?*"

Dorothy smiles as she turns away:
"Now this one must be the last,
For, Robin, 'tis time I was on my way home—
The haymakers all have passed.
"Tinker, tailor," she says once more.
"Tinker" and "tailor" fall;
"Soldier" and "sailor" are blown away
As they drop from her fingers small.
"Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief—
Fie on thee, Robin, a thief thou art!

Ah! say not nay,
'Tis clear as day—
For thou hast stolen my heart, my heart."

ARTHUR GORDON GRAEME

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Photo by Martyn, Cheltenham.

The kindergarten class at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. The smallest children are not too young to take their part in school gardening. (By the courtesy of Miss Beale.)

SCHOOL GARDENS.

The Second Article of a Deeply Interesting Series on Nature-study in Schools. It Describes how Young People are being Interested in Gardening, which is not only one of the Healthiest and most Attractive Studies in the World, but very Valuable indeed from an Educational Point of View.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

We showed last month in the first article of this series how the children of our schools are being taught, by many new and ingenious ways and methods, to take an intelligent interest in the weather and its causes, the earth and its formation, the sky with its clouds and constellations. Books have nothing to do with these studies; everything is taught and learnt by observation and experience, and special pains are taken to make such lessons matters of keen enjoyment rather than irksome tasks.

In the present article we shall see that the garden also, with its never-failing sources of interest and enjoyment, can be made to education and replace the duller study of the schoolroom.

When King Edward and his brothers and sisters were children, gardening was one of their favourite occupations. It was not merely in order to occupy their time and keep them out of mischief that Queen Victoria encouraged this healthy pursuit. She and the Prince Consort recognised that even a small piece of cultivated land offers endless opportunities for the observation of nature, and so the Royal children had their own gardens and their own sets of tools.

Well, to-day our schools are gradually coming round to Queen Victoria's opinion. School gardens are to be found all over the United Kingdom, and masters and parents are beginning to appreciate their educational value. Gardening is the most healthy occupation in the world, and a child gains from it much more than mere horticultural knowledge. It satisfies the sturdy desire, common to most young people, to be doing and finding out something themselves, instead of sitting and listening to what is told them in school. It encourages friendly rivalry, and teaches neatness, dexterity, and precision.

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Photo by Wilfred Mark Webb.

The gardening tools which were used by King Edward and his brothers and sisters in their childhood. Prince Consort and Queen Victoria were firm believers in Nature-study—though in those days it was not known by this name.

If children have no real gardens at home much may be done in a back yard, on a roof or a balcony. I read lately a charming little book by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil on "Children's Gardens," and she tells you how even strawberries may be grown without regular beds. "An old barrel is all that is wanted and a piece of drain-pipe. Holes are cut in the barrel all round at intervals; the drainage up the middle of the barrel ensures the plants at the top and those below having an equal share of water. The barrel is filled with earth and the strawberries are planted at each hole, and trained so as to hang out their leaves and fruit." You can get quite a crop in this way.

Have you ever seen a group of kindergarten mites bustling into the garden to attend to their favourite plants and flowers? No prettier sight can be imagined. Each little gardener is armed with spade and rake and watering-can—the last-named article being a great favourite. The garden plots are gravely and eagerly examined. Have the seeds planted a few days since begun to grow? A scream of excitement! one little girl sees a tiny green sprout just breaking through the soil. Another pokes a finger into the ground just to find out what the seeds are doing, while a third child quietly starts planting more seed because those on his or her plot have forgotten to come up!

You would never believe how persevering these mites are in weeding their beds and tidying the borders—both tasks being among the least interesting connected with gardening. Weeding especially—is there anything more tiring? You must do it so thoroughly if it is to be of any good. Merely to break off the tops of the weeds is often worse than useless. You must pull them up by the roots, or they will be as bad as ever in a few days. This is often no light task, especially for children, for some weeds have astonishingly long and fibrous roots. After all, the greater the obstacle the greater the pleasure, and young children who do not understand the subtler aspects of gardening get no little enjoyment in tugging at the weeds.

It is surprising how well the tiniest mites remember the names of their favourite plants—big names like geranium or nasturtium—and other points in connection with their gardens you would never think a child would observe. You see the photograph on page 353. This photograph was shown to one of the little girls it depicts. After examining it she remarked gravely that her ivy had grown ever so much; there is now one bit of it

An experiment in germination made at Bigod's Hall. If seeds be sowed in a dark box, with only one small hole in it, all will make an endeavour to grow towards the light. Here the lid of the box has been removed for the photographer.

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not in the photograph at all. "It's all come since," she said.

In spite of all that is being done, there still exists an incredible amount of ignorance as to the simplest matters connected with garden plants. Poor town-bred children may well be excused for calling all bulbs "ongyons" or for mistaking the potato-berry for the potato-tuber and asking when it would be big enough to eat. It seems rather surprising, however, that only two boys, as I lately heard, on the commercial side of a large public school should have even a hazy notion of what a "Jerusalem" artichoke is.

Very funny ideas take possession of some children. For instance, at a well-known school a small girl's garden was found to be in a truly woeful condition. The reason was at last discovered. Having no watering-can, and not liking to borrow one, the child had carefully dug up her plants and carried them one by one to the water-butt, sometimes as often as every evening.

This ignorance, believe me, is not merely confined to the children. I heard lately a funny story about a master who, evidently wishing to be abreast of the times, took up gardening. He lost no time in making a start, and promptly ordered some cabbage plants and primrose roots with which to begin his horticultural operations. Immediately the first bundle of plants arrived he set to work, and arranged them in circles and other geometrical designs for the adornment of his front garden. No doubt, too, they would have looked very charming had they been primroses instead of cabbages.

In the teaching of gardening operations the master collects his class round one plot; he then broadly explains what he wishes done, and the pupils are set to carry out his orders each on his own plot. Generally the owner of a plot has an "under-gardener," a younger and less experienced lad, to help him, and, who becomes his successor. Diaries of all work done are kept by the pupils, and anything worthy of note—the progress of this or that shrub or vegetable; the results

Photo by C. W. Clarke.

A school garden at Caterham Hill. Here the scholars go in for eminently useful things—such as cabbages, onions, carrots, and so on. (By the courtesy of Mr. Rose.)

obtained from experiments in grafting, transplanting, manuring, and so forth, are carefully set down.

It is difficult indeed to find a subject with more varied interests than gardening, or one more likely to seize upon the imagination of boys and girls. Think of the joy of a youngster who succeeds "all on his own" in growing garden roses from a briar he may have pulled from a hedge, or in getting giant apples from a crab. The art of grafting must be first mastered before these results can be obtained. The boy must learn how to shape his scion—the twig for grafting—and how to slice his stock, as the plant is called which he wishes to graft. He must understand how to bind

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Photo by Charles F. Bowen.

The children of a private mixed school in their gardens. (By the courtesy of Miss Hannah Clark.)

the edges of the wounds together, so that those of scion and stock may unite and the desired junction take place—operations needing considerable neatness and dexterity of touch.

In up-to-date schools up-to-date methods of gardening are taught, and can anything more fascinating be imagined than the modern gardener's art with all its marvellous and ingenious dodges? The pupils learn how cuttings are made; how those which have leaves are to be kept from flagging; how those from which the leaves have fallen may be left to themselves. He sees how fruit trees are shaped and pruned so as to become more prolific, and he is taught how buds that are not wanted must be picked off. He finds out that it is possible to get roots from shoots, and even, as in the case of geraniums, from the stalks of leaves. How is this done? Well, you take the leaf-stalk, say, of an ivy-leaved geranium, and just plant it as you would an ordinary cutting, having first removed the blade of the leaf.

The playground borders at St. Leonards New School, Dunfermline. The children do not look after the garden in this case, but the flowers are grown for their pleasure and to add some beauty to their surroundings. (By the courtesy of Professor Geddes.)

The young gardener is shown how to get half-a-dozen tulip bulbs from one old bulb by simply making cross cuts on its base, and how to obtain a hundred lilies from the scales of a single stock.

A very easy and interesting piece of work is this last: First of all you get a lily bulb, and detach some of the loose scales of which it is chiefly composed. These are planted in a pot of sandy soil, just sufficiently deep to keep them upright. Then, if the earth is not allowed to get too dry in the course of a week or two, little bulbs will make their appearance. One, usually two, sometimes three, spring out of a single scale. Green leaves grow into the air, strong roots grow down into the soil, and, when the scales wither, you will have as many new lily plants as there were tiny bulbs.

Of course, where greenhouses and artificial heat are available, still stranger and more elaborate operations and experiments can be made. How many people know, for instance, that begonias and gloxinias can be grown from their own leaves? All one has to do is to cut through the big veins of these leaves and peg them down on a box filled with sandy soil. From each cut springs a bud, which will, in time, grow into a new plant, if a little care be taken not to rot the leaf by over-watering it.

Artificial fertilisation is another very delicate and interesting piece of work. The pollen is carried from one flower to another on a camel's hair brush to insure the formation

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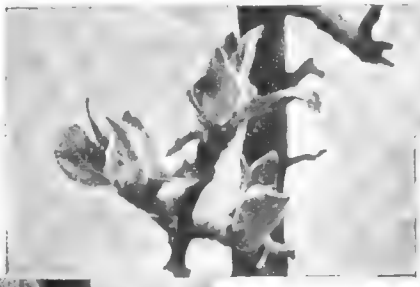
of fruit and seed, or to produce new variations. This task, as we all know, is usually performed by the bees and other insects that haunt the depths of the flowers. At Lord Scudamore's Endowed School at Hereford last summer two boys were particularly interested in tomato culture, and, as it was found that insects did not visit the flowers, artificial methods of fertilisation were adopted with great success. The two fertilisers are known now to the school as "The Bees."

1. An observational series of photographs of apple buds made by H. Harold Robjohns. The first was taken on April 8th.

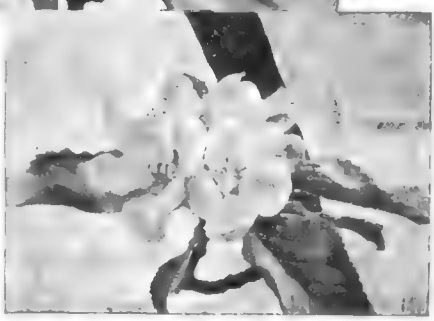


2. The second, taken on April 16th, shows a good deal of development.

3. In the next, taken on April 24th, the leaves have unfolded exposing the flower buds.

4. On May 11th the next photograph was taken. It shows one series of flower buds nearly ready to open.

5. May 15th, and the flowers are open at last.



6. On May 21st the last photograph was taken, showing the petals of the flowers nearly ready to fall.

The drawbacks to gardening, if there are any, are very slight, and this brings me to an amusing story. The boys of a large Plymouth school had been set to thin out the onions in their garden. Work over, they trooped into class, but carried with them such an overpowering odour that "School under the Sky" was the order for the rest of the day.

The way in which gardening arouses the business instinct of some boys is most remarkable. At Katherine Lady Berkeley's School in Devonshire, one of the lads whose plot was the worst as regards soil, had a small amount of detached land thrown in with it. We will call him A., and his extra plot lay opposite to that of B. — another boy. Concerning these two, Mr. H. Robjohns, the master, tells the following anecdote:

"A. came to me one day and said: 'Please, sir, do you mind if I let B. have the bit of my ground that is opposite to his plot?' 'No,' said I, 'not at all.'

"On a Thursday morning the lads are expected to show up their books with an account of the work done in the garden during the week. On this particular Thursday I noticed a queer item in A.'s book—*Rent 2d.* When I asked him about it he replied gravely: 'Oh, you see, that is the rent B. paid me for that bit of land

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Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The children of a preparatory school at work on their nicely laid-out garden. (By the courtesy of Miss Hunt.)

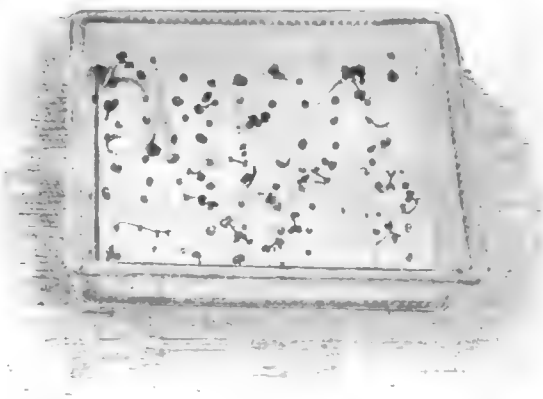
I let him have.' The size of the bit of land was about two square yards."

Mr. Robjohns continues:

"One day we had been planting fruit trees and bushes. I had told two lads that they would want some manure for the trees. A. went off and got a barrow-load. On being asked what he gave for it, he replied: 'Oh, that's a secret, sir. I'll tell you later.' Afterwards, when the other lads were not about, he said that he had had the manure for the fetching from a school tradesman's stable about a hundred yards away.

"Afterwards as the other lads had none, I suggested that since A. did not want all his barrow-load he might be disposed to share it with his friends, and left them to make their bargains. Imagine my amusement to find that A. was charging a halfpenny for five spadefuls. This lad will evidently make gardening pay.

One of the most important duties of the gardener is seed-testing, and no school that has taken up gardening as a serious study, should omit to practise it. Two rounds cut from an old blanket and two common dinner plates are all that is needed for this important operation. The pieces of blanket are damped, and on one a hundred seeds are carefully arranged; these are covered with the other piece of blanket, and the "sandwich" is then laid inside the two plates.



An experiment in germination made at Bigod's Hall. The seeds are laid on damp blotting paper, and in the course of a day or two, all that are alive have begun to sprout.

Seeds of every kind and description may, of course, be studied, and it is very interesting and instructive to observe their different modes of growth. You will find, for instance, that the seed of mustard and cress starts sprouting in a few hours, but

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Photo by J. Bentley Philip.

Thinning out seedlings.

that weeks often elapse before the lazy bean or acorn thrusts a pale green shoot through its tough skin. The best of these operations is their simplicity; no intricate apparatus is wanted; every child can perform the thing for himself with no ingenuity to speak of, a little patience, and a little flannel or blotting-paper. That is all.

Gardening, moreover, brings the young people into contact with many aspects of nature. They learn, for example, a great deal about insects and their ways; what caterpillars are to be found on the various plants, the movements of moles and earthworms, the habits of birds, butterflies, and beetles, and very much else that is useful and interesting. No branch of school gardening has a greater fascination for the boys than the waging of war against the injurious insects that infest the shrubs and flowers. Mr. Burton, of Lee School, Matlock Bath, tells me that his pupils evince an aptitude that rooks might well envy for getting rid of wire worms in newly turned-up ground. Sometimes thousands of these pests have been secured in a single week!

Slugs, again, are thorns in the side of the gardener; they always make a point of attacking a plant in its tenderest condition. You who have a flower-garden know what trouble these voracious creatures can give. Fortunately there are many dodges for getting the better of them. If you have, for instance, a pet plot of pansy seedlings — pansies are a very favourite dish of the slug — you may follow an amusing suggestion and put a large paper collar round each stem. This, of course, entails some trouble if you should happen to have some twenty or thirty seedlings. It is, however, said to be very efficacious, the slugs never getting beyond the collar.

Catching slugs is not the easiest task in the world. They have a distinct aptitude for concealing themselves. But when scrutiny fails, strategy may come in. Put a saucer of milk close to a bed with many tender seedlings in it. When night comes on the slugs are attracted. They crawl into the saucer, but once in cannot easily get out again.

Another foe of the gardener is the mouse. He is particularly keen on certain kinds of seeds, and will eat them up with the best will in the world. But if you get some red-lead in powder, mix it into a paste and cover the seeds with it before planting them, you may be sure that no mouse will appear on the

Girls of an elementary school at work in their lovely flower garden. (By the courtesy of Mr. J. Moore.)

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Pupils of a Secondary Agricultural School at work in the gardens of Lady Warwick's School, Bigods Hall.
(By the courtesy of Mr. E. E. Hennesey.)

scene. This animal very much dislikes the bright red paste.

The weather, again, and its causes and effects are continually brought to the notice of the school gardeners, as the following incident will show:—

Mr. Thomas, of Orlestone School, was strolling in the garden one afternoon when he heard a boy say to his companion: "Just look where the moles have been." Soon all the children of the class were ranged along the path to examine what appeared to be an enormous number of small hills. These, as Mr. Thomas explained, were not the work of the sometimes troublesome mole, but that of the mighty and useful gardener "Jack Frost." The latter had simply pulverised all the large clods that had been turned up.

Finally, there seems to be no doubt that gardening, in common with nature-study of all kinds, has a marked effect on the attendance in school. Masters have often told me that a boy very rarely misses the gardening lesson, or is absent on the day devoted to nature study.

Parents, too, and even those with conservative notions as regards education, look very favourably on gardening as part of their children's school work. They may often fail to perceive what practical use is to be got from the study of rocks and flowers, and expeditions in the open air may seem to them a waste of valuable time, which might be devoted to cramming mathematics in the schoolroom. When gardening, however, the boys are anyhow visibly at work, and doing something which shows a definite result.

How some of the parents regard such innovations in ordinary school time may be given in the words of the old farmer who, passing a garden where some boys were busily engaged on potato beds, remarked to the master that during the last twenty-four years the latter had worked in the parish "ye have been of no use at all; but now, at last, ye are earning yer pay."

Another Interesting Competition for Boys and Girls.

Competitors must grow some mustard and cress on a piece of flannel or blotting paper kept continually damp. They must observe the growth of the seeds and take note of anything that strikes them as interesting from the day when the seeds are put in place to the day when the mustard and cress is ready for the table. Then a summary of their observations must be written and forwarded to the Editor.

PARTICULARS.

The Competitors will be divided into three classes:

(1) THOSE UNDER THE AGE OF TEN. (2) THOSE FROM TEN TO FIFTEEN. (3) THOSE FROM FIFTEEN TO TWENTY.

No account must exceed 300 words in length.

Three Prizes of One Guinea each are offered in each class of Competitors for the best accounts sent in.

Competitors must write in a clear hand on one side of the paper only, and must inscribe his or her name and address, his or her age, also the name of his or her school, in the top left-hand corner of the first page.

All attempts must arrive at this office before February 25th, and must be addressed to the Editor, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The word "Flannel" must be written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

A Special Prize will be presented to the School which supplies the greatest number of Competitors in this Competition.

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THE BRANDING IRON

By FRANK M BICKNELL

Held up in a Stage Coach by Western Desperadoes!

WHAT with helpless rage, overwhelming horror, and the filthy gag, I nearly choked when I saw that drunken ruffian thrust the branding iron straight towards her bare, white back.

But I am not beginning at the right end of my story.

All the afternoon we had been riding together in the Pullman car, she a sixteen-year-old girl and I a nineteen-year-old boy.

We were strangers to each other, although I was able to make a shrewd guess as to who she might be.

She had been casting occasional shy glances in my direction, and I had cast others less shy in hers; but I had not ventured to make any move towards scraping acquaintance.

She was too well guarded by that stern-faced woman, half maid, half companion, under whose capable escort she was travelling.

After we left the train at Dickinson, and got into the stage coach, we three were the only passengers—the case was different, and as we had before us a ride which would last well into the night, I trusted it might presently be enlivened by a little friendly converse.

I had been away a week, having gone to the nearest town to do several errands, and for the sake of a short outing.

I was bringing back some of the less bulky of my purchases, among other things half-a-dozen branding irons that had been made for my grandfather's ranch.

I was tolerably sure this girl was the daughter of Colonel Gregory, a neighbouring rancher, with whom my grandfather was well acquainted, although I, being lately from the East, had not yet chanced to meet him. His daughter, I knew, had been away at school, and was expected home about now.

On this knowledge and assumption, therefore, I felt justified in introducing myself. As it fell out, however, I delayed seizing my opportunity until too late. A startling, though not unprecedented, occurrence intervened to claim our whole attention.

A gang of ruffians, small but too well armed and determined to be successfully resisted, held us up at a lonely spot almost within sight of the railway station.

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The desperadoes had timed their onslaught well, for the coach was moving but slowly up a steep hill.

At the first demand of their leader—emphasised by a threatening revolver—the terrified driver stopped the coach, allowing the ruffians to plunder us at their leisure.

Great was their disappointment and rage to find so little worth taking. The mail and express parcels were of small account. I had very little money with me, and the two women had less than I.

As some consolation for their slender haul the desperadoes resolved to carry off the three passengers, doubtless with the design of holding us for a ransom.

The leader of the band, a peculiarly villainous, black-visaged knave, grimly remarked:

"'Pears like these here ought to be rather expensive goods; I reckon we'll jest take 'em along on chance o' bein' able to make a dollar out of 'em on spec'."

In execution of their design they cut loose the four horses and prepared to give us each a mount.

Seeing that we had not the slightest chance of resisting successfully I submitted to the ignominious treatment with the best grace I could muster. The girl, too, though she was very pale, showed true pluck, and gave out not the sign of a whimper.

But her companion, most unwisely as it proved, protested vigorously and in on measured terms.

"You scamps! don't you touch that lady," she exclaimed; "don't you dare, or you'll repent it to the last day of your miserable lives. She is Colonel Gregory's daughter, and if you presume to hurt a hair of her head, he'll have you hung as sure as you're born!"

The effect of these words was quite the reverse of what the wrathful speaker had expected. The burly leader uttered what may fairly be called an exultant whoop.

"Say, boys, did ye hear that?" he shouted, grinning widely. "This here is Colonel Greg'ry's gal. Did ye ever know such a bit o' luck afore? Oh, this is too good to be true! It's better than shakin' a ripe Christmas tree, durn'd if 'tain't.

"Say, old woman, I'll tell ye somethin'. I used to punch cows for Colonel Greg'ry on his ranch up in Montany, an' one day he kicked me off it with about as much ceremony's if I'd be'n an Injun pup—all for nothin', too. I up an' swore then I'd git even with him some day, but durn me if I s'pected my chance was due to come quite so sudden as this. Gregr'y's gal, is she? Wal, we'll jest take care o' her all right, never you fear."

There was in his final words a sinister meaning that must have made Elizabeth Gregory shudder—I'm sure it did me.

As for her attendant, she immediately begun such a violent remonstrance, that she soon brought upon herself the inevitable humiliation of having her mouth stopped with a gag.

By-and-by we turned off the lonely road and struck out along a still lonelier trail, over which we rode for what seemed several hours, always rising, until we must have penetrated the mountains to a considerable distance.

Finally, we came to a halt in the most solitary God-forsaken spot that could have been found in all that vast expanse of wild country. We were taken from our horses, and, with our wrists and ankles securely tied, set upon the ground, and bound each against the trunk of a large tree.

Here for a time we were left to our own not too comfortable reflections.

The outlaw gang, of which there were half-a-dozen, built a fire, and, seated around it, proceeded to drink themselves into fit condition for doing the nefarious job they had before them.

All had been somewhat exhilarated at the time they made the attack on the stage; within an hour after camping they were roaring, raging drunk, and ready for any villainy.

What they intended to do I had only the vaguest idea until I saw the black-bearded desperado lay one of my branding irons in among the hottest embers of the fire.

The possibilities of that branding iron gave me a chill. What was he going to do? I had not long to wait before discovering.

Presently he drew it from the fire, and, going over to the woman, began to flourish it almost under her nose.

"D'ye see that?" he cried tauntingly. "Wal, I'm aimin' to fix Colonel Greg'ry's little gal so he'll be able to reco'nise her when he comes to look her over ag'in. She ain't never been branded, I take it. Wal, she's due to be right soon now."

The woman's features worked, and her eyes glared at him in futile wrath; she was powerless to speak or move a finger.

The girl's face turned deathly pale, but she did not utter a sound of protest. I was less restrained.

"You hound! You despicable cur!" I

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vociferated. "If you dare cause the slightest harm to that young lady, I'll—I'll ——"

He turned and strode over to me, shaking the hot iron uncomfortably near my face.

"Yes, kid, you'll what?" he demanded jeeringly. "You'll do great things, won't you? Here, you, Jake, we ain't hankerin' a'ter no more o' this fresh kid's chin music. Afore we begin operations jest stuff somethin' into his mouth good an' hard. An', Hank, you trice up the gal ag'in that tree, will ye, so's I can get at her back handy."

The orders were executed with ready dispatch. My mouth was filled with a bunch of soiled rag, and the poor girl was placed with her face against the tree trunk, and her arms stretched and made fast around it in a position that prevented all possibility of her moving.

The big ruffian went round to the other side of the fire, and shoved the branding iron into it. Then he took a long knife, and approached his victim.

He had slit down the girl's dress from the neck so as to lay bare her shoulders.

Had he not already declared his intentions regarding her, I should have supposed he was about to plunge the blade into her back. Indeed, even now, his action as he held the knife poised a moment over her had so much that appearance that I closed my eyes with a shudder in the instinctive wish to avoid seeing the spectacle that seemed about to follow.

When I opened them after a few seconds, during which evidently nothing serious had happened, I saw that he had slit down the girl's dress from the neck so as to lay bare a triangular expanse from her shoulders to about midway of her spine. This done, he returned to the fire and the branding iron.

"Now, don't get skittish, leetle gal," he said, with mock reassurance. "Jest hold right still, an' it'll all be over in a minute. 'Twon't hurt none to speak of, an' a'ter it's done it'll guarantee ye ag'in gittin' lost, strayed, or stole for ever an' amen a'terwards. It's this here right shoulder blade I'm aimin' to ornyment. Now, one, two, three, an' here goes!"

Bess Gregory was the bravest and grittiest girl I have ever seen, but there are things that are too much for flesh and blood to bear.

When the diabolical villain set that instrument of torture against the tender white flesh, she gave one awful, involuntary shriek of terror and agony. As for me, my blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and my heart to stand still—for a moment.

At the next came a startling and unhoped for sound—a shot, the ping of a bullet

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unerringly directed. The brute dropped the iron with a yell, and stood shaking the blood from the hand that had held it.

I had wit enough left to realise that a rescue had somehow been managed, and then, overcome by the stress of my feelings, I lost consciousness.

Before I came to myself, I was on the way to my grandfather's house, tended carefully by some of the party that had come so opportunely on the scene in time to rescue us. Of my companions in that terrible adventure, I could get only the vaguest tidings. Elizabeth had been ill and had gone away—no more.

* * * * *

Nearly four years had passed when I met her again. She *had* been very ill with brain fever after her frightful experiences with the desperadoes, and, as soon as she became convalescent, had been taken by her father on a voyage around the world.

Meantime my grandfather had died, leaving his property to me. But I had no great relish for ranching, and left the management of it to other hands whilst I spent my time and money in more congenial haunts.

It was on a Saturday night at a dance in one of the well-known seaside hotels that I once more caught sight of Elizabeth Gregory.

I remembered her as a pretty girl; she had more than fulfilled early promises and had developed into an unusually fine woman.

During those four years I never had wholly forgotten her; in fact, I may as well confess that she had been in my mind rather often. I could not but recall the fact that she bore on her shoulder my registered and exclusive private mark, and I cherished a fanciful notion that some time I should make good my claim to her as my property.

She did not notice me for a while. The ball-room was well filled, and the width of it separated us at first.

Nor did I attempt to approach and make myself known until I had stood for a time afar off and gazed at her perfect loveliness. At last I set out to cross the room.

She had been facing nearly in my direction, but as I drew closer she chanced to turn so that when I reached her immediate neighbourhood she was standing, back towards me, talking with an elderly lady who was seated against the wall.

Elizabeth was in evening dress, and as she talked she bent forward so as to afford me a fair view of a pair of the most beautiful shoulders eye could wish to look upon.

I did look, and as I looked I was much inclined to doubt the clearness of my hitherto excellent vision.

The shoulders in question were as white as milk and smooth as satin, but, strange to say, the right one was not a shade less so than the left.

Not the slightest scar or blemish of any sort could be discerned to mar its perfect comeliness.

I was astounded beyond measure. With my own eyes I had seen the branding iron pushed against her right shoulder, and with my own ears I had heard the agonised scream which the atrocious pain had provoked.

It should have left a terrible scar, yet there was nothing. It seemed incomprehensible.

I could account for it only in one way. The black-bearded fellow must have laid bare more of the back and placed the brand lower down than I realised.

She turned towards me before I had been standing there many minutes. I had just time to compose my face to a more conventional expression when she recognised me.

The experience we had been through together—far more dreadful for her than for me—had been such that she could not easily have forgotten me. She knew me at once, and welcomed me with even more cordiality than I could have expected or hoped for.

* * * * *

I need not describe the course of my wooing. It was entirely successful.

One day, after we had become engaged, I ventured to speak to her on the subject of the brand.

"I am glad the disfigurement that ruffian put upon you," I remarked, "doesn't hinder your wearing those bewitching and marvellously becoming costumes of which you seem to have such an excellent variety."

"Disfigurement!" she repeated, staring at me in bewilderment. "There was none—didn't you know?"

"What!" I cried incredulously. "But I saw that ruffian bring the branding iron down on your back. There must have been some mark, some scar——"

"Not the very least in the world," she assured me, smiling. "That black-bearded fellow was an awful wretch, but he wasn't quite the unspeakable fiend you give him credit for. He frightened me horribly, but he didn't actually hurt me the least little bit. He somehow juggled with those branding irons so that the one he used on me was stone cold!"

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Some mounted troops in the Coronation Procession from a new point of view—a fourth storey window.

QUEER POINTS OF VIEW.

How Mr. Jones Risked his Life to Amuse "Royal" Readers.

By John Jones.

Photographers, like journalists, gather their ideas from all sorts of sources. The rarest thing in the world is the new idea—the brand new, scintillating, full-of-possibilities idea—a thing, this, to rejoice over, to be thankful for indeed. *This* idea was given to me by King Edward (incidentally). To His Majesty I tender my thanks—the idea is worth money — red gold!

It was the funny appearance of His Majesty's Coronation procession that prompted the inspiration. For it *did* look funny—from where I saw it. Imperial, splendid, from the first floor windows—but from a fourth floor window *funny*.

For even the effect of a Coronation procession depends on the point of view; and as a spectacle it loses dignity when one sees only the tops of the fairy-book coaches—only horses without hoofs, only hats without heads, only policemen—wonderful to say—without proper bodies.

As from my eyrie I watched the procession, an idea came to me of many, many photographs, all taken from unusual points of view—from the birds' point of view, from the worms' point of view. I conceived the queerest pictures—and, determined to lose not a moment in making a collection, then and there I took a photograph of the tail-end of the procession—for I had brought my camera with me, but had put it aside, thinking it would be only a waste of plates to expose them from my lofty standpoint.

Will It Rain?
The curious appearance of a man staring straight up at the sky.

And I was well rewarded, when I developed the plate, by the queer appearance of a Venetian mast that came into the picture.

A few days later, when I—and London—had recovered somewhat

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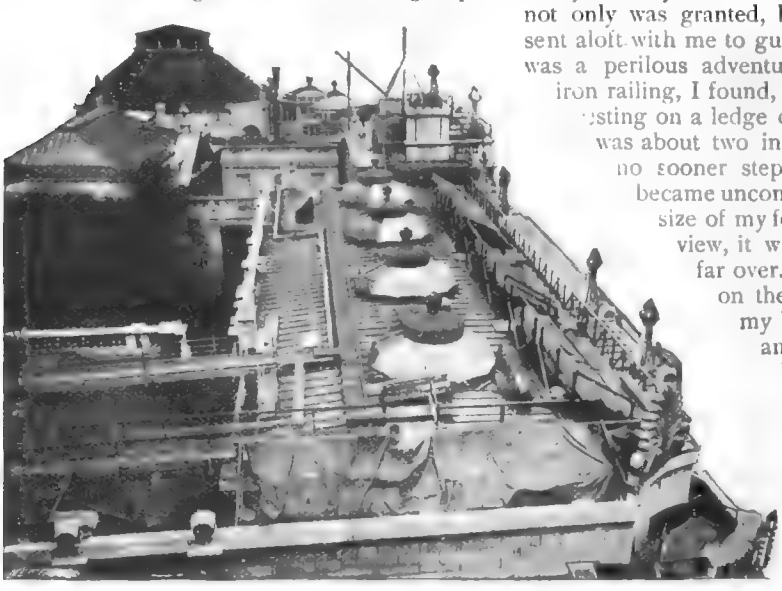
from the excitement of the Coronation, I determined to put my idea to effect, and to go out and photograph all manner of common London sights from the unusual point of view. I was about to leave my studio when I noticed that rain was falling. I looked out of my window—and there, almost directly beneath me, on the pavement, I found a subject.

A fat young man in a fine Panama hat had come to a standstill opposite my front door. He was gazing intently at the Heavens, wondering evidently, whether, for the sake of a few drops of rain, it were worth opening his umbrella. I could see his fat face, his fat body, and one boot—but no legs were visible. Deciding that the shower might spot his Panama, he raised his umbrella—but he had hardly opened it before my camera had recorded the queer figure he was cutting.



This is the top of the Bank of England, and was photographed from an adjacent high building. It is certainly a very little known part of the bank, and it is doubtful if even the bank clerks have ever seen it.

A moment later the shower passed—and, feeling that I had met success even before I had started out, I went forth on my enterprise, my heart filled with hope.

But for a long while everything I saw was disconcertingly familiar. How well I knew the sights of Fleet Street—the hurrying journalists, the crawling cabs, the lumbering omnibuses, the dingy houses! I came to the Bank of England. There it stood, as monumental, as solid, as respectable, as typical of London as ever—save for the decorations that it bore in honour of the Coronation, and of those, already, hundreds of photographs had been taken.

Round and round the stately pile I walked, vainly seeking the unusual point of view. Suddenly an inspiration brought me to a standstill. How many of the hundreds and thousands of people hurrying hereabouts had ever looked down on the roof of the Bank of England?

But how to do so myself? My heart failed at the idea of swarming up one of the great columns of the Royal Exchange. In desperation, taking my courage in both hands, I entered the Union Bank, inquired for the manager, and boldly asked him if I might walk on his roof.

My bravery carried the day. Permission not only was granted, but an engineer was sent aloft with me to guide my footsteps. It was a perilous adventure. An ornamental iron railing, I found, ran around the roof, resting on a ledge of lead. This ledge was about two inches wide, and I had no sooner stepped upon it, than I became uncomfortably aware of the size of my feet. To gain a good view, it was necessary to lean far over. As I looked down on the traffic beneath me, my head began to swim, and had not my feet been so firmly jammed, I verily believe that I should have fallen head first on to the pavement below.

But my boots, luckily, were gripped as in a vice, and I now congratulated myself on the splendid and original view of the Bank of England that I had gained. I lost no time in focussing my lens—and then, placing in my mouth the pneumatic ball that worked my camera's shutter, I leant forward, clung on to the railing with one hand, and held out my camera with the other.

All that remained was to close my mouth upon the pneumatic ball—and thus I took what is an absolutely unique photograph of the Bank of England—a photograph taken from such an unusual stand-point that the Chief Cashier himself could not recognise the building!

After snapping another picture, showing how a 'bus top might appear to a bird, I

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Looking down on the traffic near the Bank of England The two sets of stairs lead down to the Twopenny Tube.

went my way. Traversing the heart of the city of London I came to the riverside. The idea of a novel wharf-view took my fancy, and I selected a high warehouse as a good vantage-ground.

But now I found myself in a quandary. It so happened that a photograph, taken from where I stood by the edge of the roof, would include a piece of my warehouse—only by leaning far over the edge could I obtain an absolutely clear view of the scene beneath me. And there was no iron railing to lean upon!

There was nothing for it but to lie down flat on the roof, get a man to sit on my legs, throw my head and shoulders as far over as

To take this photograph of a riverside wharf, the photographer had to lean half his body and his camera over a wall while a man sat on his legs

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possible, and trust to Providence that the man would not be seized with sudden illness and release his hold of me. All this I did—and then, by stretching out my arms to their fullest extent, I managed to hold my camera well over the wharf, and to operate the shutter.

Proceeding to the Tower of London, I could find no unusual point of view from which I might regard the familiar Beefeaters. But as I walked along the little esplanade beneath the Tower that edges Father Thames, I was struck by the sight of a group of London arabs, busily engaged in making castles and pies of the mud that a low tide had left to their mercy. How the gutter-snipe makes belief that he is playing by the silver sea!—it was an inspiring subject, and I photographed those urchins without ado—shouting to them first to make them all look up.

Tiring of the East End, and of the roaring city, I sought civilisation in the West.

The sight of Nelson on his column in Trafalgar Square tempted me to do a deed of great daring. I determined to photograph Nelson from the worm's point of view!

Approaching the mighty column, I set my camera on the ground, and laid myself flat on my back on the pavement, as near to the side of the monument as I could get. Running my eye up the length of the column, I saw Nelson on the top as a pin's head—and the column appeared incredibly foreshortened. Fascinated at the queerness of my point of view, I did not notice the gathering of a crowd.

When I turned my eyes to things mundane, they met the spectacle of hundreds upon hundreds of trousers! A vast mob encompassed me, gazed on me in wonder, hemmed me in against the side of the monument! I was astounded at the enormity of that crowd—never had my unassuming person attracted such attention. Looking aloft above the ring of faces, I saw

London children "at the sea-side"

—or rather at the mud-side—of Father Thames.

To take this photograph of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square the photographer had to lie on his back on the ground, holding his camera above him. A great crowd soon gathered to watch his strange antics; till at last it was dispersed by the police.

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policemen's helmets, and heard the stern police mandates—"Move on! Move on!"

I realised that there was not a moment to lose, if I was to photograph Nelson from this queer point of view. It was a case of now or never—of do or die—and I hastily seized my camera, pointed it aloft at the pin-point on the top of the column, and pressed the pneumatic ball.

Then I arose, and mingling with the mob, was moved on by the policemen—whom I afterwards saw gazing intently at the foot of the column, wondering what could have attracted the crowd.

Delighted to find no handcuffs around my wrists, I continued my adventurous work.

This photograph of the Victoria Tower, Houses of Parliament, was taken from the middle of a roadway. The camera-man had to crouch down close to the ground and trust to Providence to protect him from 'buses and cabs.

Presently I found myself beneath the Houses of Parliament, standing in the shadow of the Victoria Tower, whose door is the door for Royalty. I now took a photograph under the most perilous circumstances.

I placed my camera in the roadway, in a position from which I could obtain a splendid view of the top of the tower, and of the greater part of its height. I exposed the plate—and as I did so, the traffic was roaring past me, horses were shying at me, cabs were nearly running me over, policemen were raving. It was nerve-racking work—but the resulting photograph was unique. It shows the tower as though it had been upset by an earthquake, and had fallen flat. The perpendicular style of architecture adds to the extraordinary effect of the fore-shortening.

After this my nerve completely gave way. I returned to my studio where I might photograph safely from the queer point of view to my heart's content, unmolested by crowds, cab, or police constables. I took photographs of my friends, in some cases with the camera pointing directly down upon their heads, and in others with the camera pointing directly from their feet to their heads, and I obtained some of the queerest photographs of human beings ever seen.

A bald-headed old gentleman who came to see me gave me one of my most pleasing views. Elevating my camera on to the top of a step-ladder, I made him stand directly beneath the lens. When, a few days later, I showed the old gentleman a print of the picture thus obtained, he was hugely delighted. "Most original," he declared, "most amusing!" The view of his bald head flattered his vanity. "Anyone can see there are brains in there, sir," he said; and, indeed, the head appears of vast dimensions, and the forehead of most noble proportions, as though hardly able to contain its great thoughts. And the old gentleman's shoulders, as photographed from aloft, would have done credit to a Samson, so broad and massive did they appear in the picture.

In another photograph I took from

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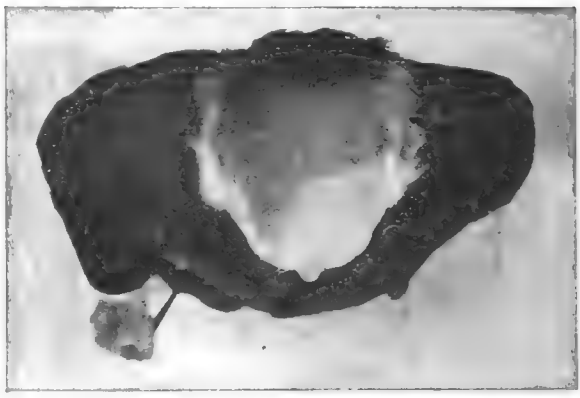
aloft of two people, the two people were completely lost to view, and all that suggested their presence were two hats, some undefinable raiment, one glove, and one boot. This photograph, when shown to my models, met with a somewhat chilly reception—the bird's point of view is not always flattering to earth-bound mortals.

It is specially unflattering, by the way, when one is walking fast. Then one appears, when seen from above, much like an acrobat performing on a high trapeze when seen from below—legs and arms apparently flying in all directions indiscriminately. I



Top view of an old bald-headed man.

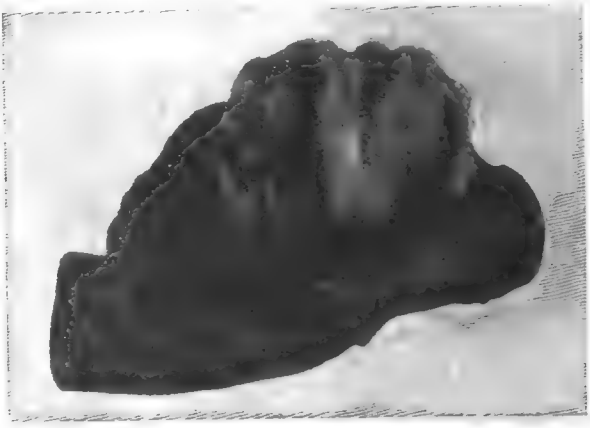
A study in hats. There are two human beings underneath them.

would like to point out, however, that though queer, they are not to be classified among freak photographs, but are perfectly natural, having regard to the point of view.

The camera is often credited with performing tricks, with causing optical delusions, when, really, it is perfectly innocent, and only faithfully records facts. For example, one often sees a photograph of a man, whose arm is held straight out before him, with clenched fist, the fist appearing

have taken several bird's-eye pictures of men walking fast, but in all cases my models have utterly refused to acknowledge their portraits.

And so I have made up a collection of some of the queerest photographs of human beings ever seen. I



Is this a man or a woman? The photographer has forgotten.

N.B.—This man is only walking fast. He is not an acrobat.

in the photograph about twenty times its normal size, and the arm looking as though it measures about a quarter of a mile in length! That this is no freak photograph, but a perfectly natural record, becomes obvious when one induces a friend to straighten his arm, clench his fist, and hold it about an inch away from one's eyes (in a friendly way). Looking at the fist at such close quarters, it appears to the eye quite as much enlarged as it "comes out" in the photograph.

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TOLD BY THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Two hundred years old am I.

Of British oak was I fashioned—by British hands—of old oak, of good oak, of oak that is black right through now, with never a flaw in it, save where here and there a corner or an edge has been chipped. My old face is of brass, quaintly fashioned and coloured, and three gilt ornaments rise above my head; but for all the rest, I am of plain, unadorned black oak.

For two hundred years have I ticked and tocked, as you may see for yourself by the date on my dial, inscribed beneath my maker's name—for two hundred years and twenty-nine days, as my day-plate shows, and twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes, as my hands will tell you—how time flies to be sure.

Ting! Ting! Ting!—another minute has passed already, and my bell is chiming the midnight hour—and—bang!—there goes my master's bedroom door, as it has banged at this time almost every night these forty years past.

The most methodical man alive is old Mr. Rush, my master—old John Rush, miller and corn-dealer, the slowest man in all Cuckmere parish in spite of his name.

Every Sunday evening at a quarter to twelve Miller Rush comes to me and looks me in the face and says: "Well, old boy, it's time to wind you up once more; it wouldn't do for you or for me to let ourselves run down too much, or next thing, we should stop for good and all"—the same old joke every Sunday evening these past forty years. And then he will stand on tip-toe and reach up for the great key that lies on top of me behind the gilt ornaments, and I feel my weights swing up as he slowly turns it round and round.

He would swear by my time, would old John Rush, against the evidence of all the chronometers on earth. You may believe that we are the very best of friends—he and I. Have I not been his text and his motto, as it were, all through his life? For he has said to himself, times without number, when he has had to face the steep up-hills of fortune. "I'll be like the old clock, and I'll bide my time, and I'll *keep* going." Yes, John Rush has patterned his life on mine, for better or for worse.

Every Sunday evening at a quarter to twelve Miller Rush——

What a fine picture he makes, as he sits in his armchair beside the fire, his grand old head, with its short-cropped white hair, lit up by the flames! What serenity there is on his old furrowed face, what amplitude in his broad-cloth coat, his old grey trousers, and in his yellow gaiters!

Another arm chair stands opposite his, with its back to me—but I have ticked out many years since my master's goodwife last sat there. A fine couple they were—especially on a Sunday evening, when John would put spectacles on nose, and lay open his great family Bible on his knee, and the old lady in her white cap would fold her

——comes to me and looks me in the face.

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hands and close her eyes and drift gently to sleep, whilst John read from the Prophets.

When his wife died my master was very miserable in body as well as spirit. For a time he lived alone in the mill, paying old Martha, a half-crazy woman, to come in and clean up for him and cook his meals. Though he seldom complained, he could not bring himself to eat much that old Martha cooked, and her cleaning was so ineffectual that cobwebs began to appear in the corners of the kitchen, and dust began to settle down over everything.

I may take the credit of having pulled up my master from the decline of melancholy and misery into which he rapidly began to sink at that time. It struck me as curious that he could not see for himself that he was "run down," in view of his Sunday evening joke to me. I think he must have repeated his joke so often that he lost sight of the point of it. And so I hit upon a scheme to rouse him.

I suppose, by the way, that you think, like everyone else, that we clocks only need to be wound up and regulated to be kept going and to be made to keep good time. So allow me to remark here that we clocks—I speak for venerable grandfather's clocks—if we should see fit for any reason to go fast, go fast, or to go slow, go slow, and if we should see fit to stop at any time, we stop.

It was, unfortunately, on a Monday night when I hit upon my plan for rousing my master, for I could not put it into operation until Sunday came. So anxious was I for that day to come that I found myself ticking faster than usual. But still the days dragged slowly, and with every night I saw my master sinking lower and lower into the depths of depression. When Sunday night did come at last, I was a good quarter-of-an-hour ahead of time.

As I was striking the half-hour after eleven my master, according to his custom, closed his Bible, and fixed his eyes on my face, waiting for the moment to come when it should be time to wind me up again, and set me going for another week—the moment when my hands should point to a quarter to twelve. He would never dream of winding me up a minute before or a minute after the quarter.

Well, seeing that I had his attention, I stopped. Never shall I forget the look of blank amazement on my master's face!

With an alacrity that he had not shown for many days he sprang from his chair, and opened my wooden door to examine my weights. He seemed relieved when, having taken down the key and wound me up again, he found that I started ticking directly he set my pendulum swinging.

"What was the matter, old boy," he asked, looking fondly into my face. "Haven't I told you again and again that it wouldn't do for you *or* for me to get run down too much, or, next thing, we should stop for good and all? I wonder what made you forget that," he went on—and then stopped and scratched his head for a moment, and said, gently to himself, as though he didn't wish me to hear—

Well, seeing that I had his attention, I stopped.

Never shall I forget the look of blank amazement on my master's face!

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"I reckon I must have forgotten that too. Maybe the old clock's just giving me a warning that I'm getting run down myself. I shall send for Tom to come and cheer me up."

And there and then he sat to the table and wrote a letter ordering his son Tom to give up his position on the farm where he worked, and to come and live with him. "Yes," he said to himself, as he finished and folded the letter, "maybe I *am* too lonely o' nights."

Two days later Tom came to work and live at the mill—a merry-hearted, capable, and hard-working young fellow, just the boy his father had been forty years before. He put new life into the old man from the moment when he came into the kitchen with his cheery, "Well, father, here I be, come to work the mill for you, and to see that you get your meals in time"—an idea that made the old man's face brighten with hope, for nothing caused him more annoyance than a meal served late.

From that moment of Tom's arrival, the very atmosphere of the mill changed for the better. Brightness and gaiety were the order of the day. In the evenings, the old man sat in his chair and held his sides as he laughed at Tom's stories, or his readings from the papers. Tom's spirits were infectious. It did me good, even me, in spite of my two hundred years, to watch him moving about the kitchen, whistling and singing, as he cleaned his guns, or oiled his cricket bat, or brushed the old brown spaniel.

And Tom was a rare cook—he had inherited the natural gift of cooking from his mother, and the kitchen, every evening, was filled with the smell of savoury dishes which he helped old Martha to prepare.

The new life that Tom put into him became every day more evident. He looked a different man, ate twice as much as when he had been alone, talked ten times as much, but above and beyond all this new life was most clearly and most appallingly evident in my master's infatuation for the Widow Grainger.

Widow Grainger was a wizened little body, with a sharp, querulous voice, and a long pointed nose that she poked into everybody's affairs. She was ten years younger than my master, and when she had the audacity to set her cap at him, almost so soon as the breath was out of my late mistress's body, the neighbours were very properly shocked.

It was not many weeks after Tom had come to the mill, before my master began to give some hints of his feelings towards the widow.

"Tom," he said, one night, "I've been thinking Tom, as how I'm giving too much work and trouble to you. It isn't right, Tom, that you should do so much woman's work for me. I believe, Tom, we had better get some woman into the house. What do you say, Tom?"

"Oh, I'm all right, father," answered Tom. "I reckon old Martha and I can look after you between us; though she *is* a crazy old thing, I'll admit."

"Well, Tom, what do you say to the Widow Grainger, now? What do you think of her, Tom?"

"Not much," said Tom.

"Good-night, John"—

—and she put up her face, to my disgust, for my master to kiss.

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"Though they do say she can cook. She might do better than old Martha, certainly. Ask her, if you like, father."

"I believe I will, Tom," said my master. "And you think it would be a good marriage, do you, Tom?"

"*Marriage*," cried Tom, starting from his chair as if he had been bitten by a snake. "Are you crazy, father? Me marry the widow? I'm off, if that's your plan," said Tom, and he made as though he would rush from the house then and there.

"Hold hard, Tom," said my master. "Hold hard a bit. I didn't mean that exactly—not exactly. I meant—how'd you like the widow for a *mother*, Tom?"

"For a *what?*" Tom fairly screamed. "For a *mother?* Oh, I can't stand that, father. I'm off if the Widow Grainger's coming here as a mother to me," and Tom made for the door again.

"Well, well, I haven't asked her yet," laughed the old man. "Come back, Tom, and I'll think it over again. But I don't like to see you doing so much woman's work. It isn't right, Tom, it isn't right."

Nothing more was said about the Widow Grainger for several nights after this. But from that time onward my master set about his courtship of the widow. This was the only enterprise he had ever begun in the whole course of his life that had not met with my approval. I could endure the Widow Grainger no better than Tom could. What the old man saw in her I could not imagine, nor how he thought she was worthy to take the place of my late dear mistress, or to sit in her empty chair.

Tom thought nothing more of his father's suggestion until one Sunday evening my master came home with the widow leaning on his arm, and brought her into the mill. Tom's "Good evening, widow," was a very half-hearted greeting, and he lost no time in making an excuse about feeding the pigs and escaping.

"Now, widow," said my master, "make yourself at home, and think if you would like to live here always. This is *my* armchair, widow," he went on, seating himself. "You try yonder one."

"Thank ye," said the widow, "I'll just try it," and she sat down in my poor dead mistress's armchair.

This was more than I could endure. I rattled my pendulum against the side of my case as loudly as I could, and the widow sprang up in alarm.

"Whatever's the matter with that clock?" she cried; and my master hurried to open my door to see what was wrong.

"Never known it to do that before," he remarked. "Never mind, widow, it won't hurt you. Sit down again, and just try that chair."

So the widow went back to the chair, and was about to sit in it, when again I set my pendulum knocking, and again she jumped.

"What a crazy clock," she said, "John. I don't like that clock. It's a nasty, grimy old thing, and I'd have to have it taken away before I could sit in this room. And I don't like the look of this chair, John—I'll have to have this moved too. Maybe I will bring my own along with me when I come.

She was a nice little girl——

——was Mrs. Tom, my new mistress.

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"It's a nice kitchen, John, but badly arranged—badly arranged," she went on, "I shall have to change everything about, I can see, when I come to live here. Well, I must be going along now, or the neighbours will be talking. Good night, John," and she put up her face, to my disgust, for my master to kiss. I rattled just in time to stop that; and Tom came in before they could try to kiss again.

"Mind you throw away that old clock, John," were the widow's last words, as she took her departure.

A moody silence reigned in the kitchen when the door had banged behind the widow. Tom, with a black face, set about laying a cold repast on the table. My master, I could see, was very disturbed in spirit. Was he beginning to regret his courtship of the widow? I knew, at least, that nothing would annoy him more than that anyone should throw aspersions on his kitchen, hallowed, as everything in it was, by associations with his dead wife.

In silence they ate their supper—in silence my master opened his Bible, and Tom began to clean out an old pipe. An hour passed without a word spoken. Tom, I could see, was doing some hard thinking. Suddenly he broke the silence.

"Father," he said, "suppose I were to marry."

My master laid down his Bible, and looked up at Tom over his glasses.

"Tom," he said, "I have been thinking the same thing myself. Why *don't* you marry, lad? I have been thinking that maybe Widow Grainger—maybe she couldn't take your mother's place, Tom. Maybe she would want to make too many changes. Anyway, if you marry, my boy, you and your wife shall live here with me, and I won't say anything more about Widow Grainger. That is, if you think any lass could live with such a particular old gentleman as I am, Tom," added the old man, smiling. "You think a lass could be found? If she's the right sort? Then that's a bargain," said my master. "You marry, Tom, instead of me. Who's the lass to be?"

But that was more than Tom could say at that moment. I doubt if he had ever thought of marrying before. This plan of his was a sudden desperate idea for frustrating the tricks of the Widow Grainger.

I should never begin my story if I were to tell you all the ups and downs of Tom's courting experiences. How he made love to every eligible girl in turn, not only in Cuckmere, but in all the parishes in the neighbourhood, only to find each wanting in some respect or other; how his father inquired every night: "How's the courting, Tom?"—and how my master still paid attention to the widow, in case Tom's quest of a housekeeper should fail: how Tom was driven almost to desperation by the lack of suitable wives; and how at last he did find a girl who approached his ideal behind the counter of a small drapery shop in the market town. All this would fill a novel.

But in the end, nearly twelve months after the Widow Grainger had first invaded our kitchen, Tom *did* marry, and a new mistress came to reign at the mill.

Mrs. Tom was behindhand——

——with everything from cock-crow to sunset.

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She was a nice little girl, was Mrs. Tom, my new mistress, and very simple and very quiet and shy, and quite fitted to fill the difficult position of daughter-in-law and housekeeper to the old miller, save in one respect—she was the most hopelessly slow person I have ever encountered. There was not a spark of animation in her body—she moved slowly, talked slowly, worked slowly; and it occurred to me, on the first night of her reign, when my master's dinner was late by nearly an hour, that trouble would be likely to arise if she did not bestir herself in the future.

And on the next day trouble did arise—at every mealtime. Breakfast was late, dinner was late, and tea—the evening meal—was later than I have ever known it in the history of the mill. My master was mightily displeased; nothing could have annoyed him more. He admonished Tom to bestir his wife, and Tom made a rash promise that on the morrow every meal should be punctual, if he had to cook himself.

But on the next day business called Tom away from home—and again it happened that when my master came in from his work to his meals, he found the meals still a-cooking.

"How's this, Mrs. Tom," he would say, "breakfast not ready yet?" or, "dinner only half cooked, Mrs. Tom?—really, my dear, you must keep a better watch on the old clock!"

"I'm so sorry, father," Mrs. Tom would answer meekly, "I'm afraid I am not quite used to this stove, yet. I've been behind with everything to-day, somehow."

And so it was for many days after that. Mrs. Tom was behindhand with everything, from cock crow to sunset. I will say this for her, she did her best, but, like a cheap clock, she was incapable of keeping time. As each day went by, and Mrs. Tom showed no signs of improvement, my master repented more and more that he had broken off his match with the Widow Grainger. I began to fear that after all the widow might be installed in the mill over the head of Mrs. Tom—and I would prefer a thousand Mrs. Toms, in spite of their unpunctuality, to one Widow Grainger.

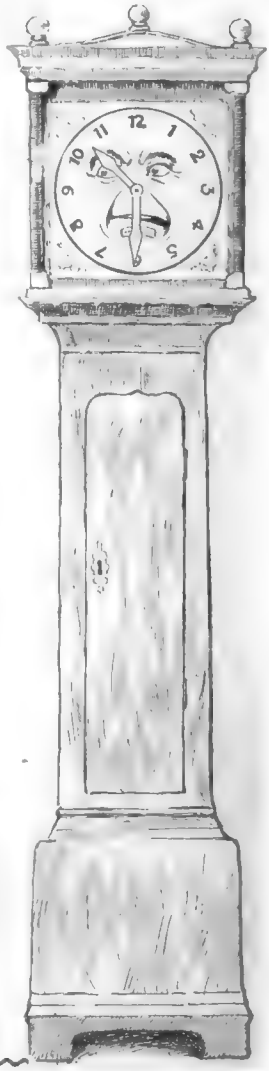
As time passed my fears were proved to be more than justified. My master openly began to pay court to the Widow Grainger again. He was a long time making up his mind as to whether it would be a lesser infliction to have his house upset by the widow than to have unpunctual meals, but he did make it up in the end, and a fortunate thing for us all it was that he made it up in my presence.

"If to-morrow evening tea is not set on the table by six o'clock sharp—

One night, after Tom and his wife had retired upstairs, the old man sat in the kitchen for a long time, lost, as I could see, in deep thought. At last he brought his hand down with a thump on the table.

"That's what I'll do," he said aloud, "I'll give the lass just one more chance. To-morrow evening will see this matter settled, one way or t'other. If to-morrow evening tea is not set on the table by six o'clock sharp, by the old clock, *I'll marry the Widder.*"

And then my master



—by the old clock, *I'll marry the Widder.*"

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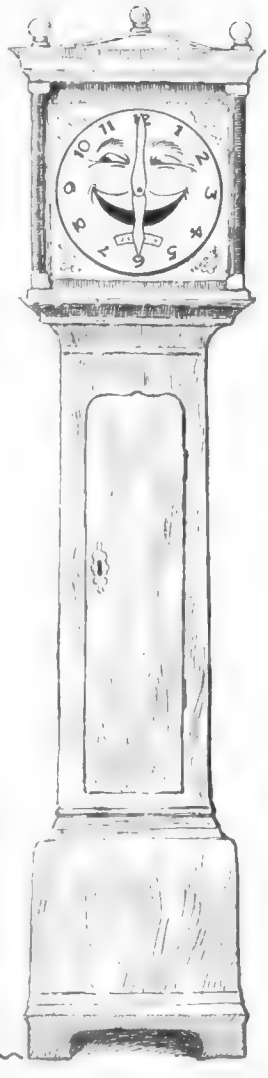
turned out the lamps, and went to bed; and I began to rack my brains to find a way to make Mrs. Tom punctual for once. Before the morning, I had thought of a plan.

There was a grim look of determination on my master's face when he came down next morning to breakfast, and found no breakfast ready. His face grew grimmer still when he came in from his work at dinner-time, and found no dinner ready. I could see by his expression, when he came into the kitchen about twenty minutes before six o'clock, he was quite determined it was a case of marrying the widow. Mrs. Tom was busy cutting bread and butter.

My master sat in his arm-chair, and watched her slow movements without a word. She finished cutting and buttering the bread, and then filled the kettle and put it on the fire. Then she glanced at my face, and saw that it wanted only ten minutes to six o'clock. Leisurely, she proceeded to spread the table-cloth, and to put the tea cups in their places. She brought a cold pie from the larder. She laid knives on the table, forks, spoons, and plates—and then, all things necessary for the repast being accomplished, she drew a chair to the fire, and sat down, to await the boiling of the kettle.

Tick—tock—only my slow ticking broke the silence now. My long hand was hovering over the figure 11. Tick-tock, slowly my pendulum swung to and fro. Little did Mrs. Tom realise how her fate was hanging in the balance. My master was keeping his eyes steadily fixed on my face now. Slowly I ticked out a minute, and at least three minutes must have passed in reality whilst my hand was hovering between the fifty-fifth and the fifty-sixth minute-marks on my dial.



Tick-tock my hand marked three minutes to the hour, and still there was no sign of the kettle boiling. For each minute that passed, I moved forward only a fraction of a minute. Thus I delayed the fatal moment that would seal the doom of poor Mrs. Tom.

Fifty-eight—fifty-nine—now at last there were signs of steam escaping from the kettle, and, "The kettle boils!" exclaimed Mrs. Tom, glancing at my face. "You shall have your tea at six o'clock to the minute to-day, father," she said, smiling brightly at my master, as she poured the hot water into the tea-pot.

Sixty—and, "Ting, ting. ting ting, ting, ting," chimed the silvery notes of my bell—and—"There," cried Mrs. Tom triumphantly, setting the tea-pot on the table, "tea's ready, father."

"Bless me," said the Miller, hardly believing his senses, "I see the days of miracles ain't ended yet. Well done, Mrs. Tom—you are as punctual as the old clock himself this evening!"

"You shall have your tea at—

And so, because I held back the time for her in that great crisis of her life, Mrs. Tom is still the mistress of the mill. But I must not take all the credit to myself. Had not the Widow Grainger, in deep disgust at my master's fickle treatment, opportunely accepted the offer of the hand of the local butcher, and so finally deprived my master of all chance of marrying her, we might yet have seen our old kitchen turned topsy-turvy, and the widow enthroned on our hearth.

For Mrs. Tom, in spite of all the chidings and all the blandishments, and all the intreaties of my master John Rush, and of his son Tom Rush, remains, to this day, as unpunctual as ever.

Ting! Tong! Some people, like some clocks, never can keep time!

—six o'clock to the minute to-day."

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£.S.D.

By
Dorothy Luke.

"We all seem bewitched to-night," said Tom Caterham, as he broke off a branch of a tree and began slowly and methodically to pull the leaves off.

"Yes, I think a masked ball, especially when we can be out of doors, is enchanting," answered the girl.

"Look at all these people dancing on the croquet lawn. I can't recognise any of them under their dominoes."

"Not even by their voices?"

"No, my ear is not sufficiently trained to help me; I seldom remember a voice."

"It is a very impressive scene. All the Chinese lanterns make the garden look like fairyland during a revel. And I feel like a poor human sitting out here, not able to join the dancers."

"Would you care to join them?"

"Not for a little while longer, thank you. I shall be quite rested in a few minutes. But please do not stay with me. I feel quite all right now, and no one will bother me in this remote corner. It was silly of me to turn faint and extremely good of you to bring me here."

"For which I am to be banished."

"Not at all. But I do not wish to keep you from the fun."

"I am having something of more worth than fun here, thank you."

"Well, I think we know each other enough for you to say if you are bored. We met at least half-an-hour ago."

"Half-an-hour—is that all! I feel as if I had known you for years. I am renewing my youth and becoming quite confidential. I haven't talked as I have to-night for five years."

"It is very good of you to make me feel such an old friend. If you could see under my mask, or if I had no domino on, we should be still discussing the weather."

They laughed at the mere suggestion. Then the girl continued:

"But why have you not talked to a friend for five years?"

"I didn't say that. I said I had not talked as I am talking to you for five years."

"Why five years? Were you under a spell?"

"Yes, like the girl in the fairy tale. I pricked my finger and had to keep silence. Was not that it? The witchery of the hour has done it. Or——"

"Yes?" questioned the girl, as she watched the man idly drawing on the gravel at their feet with the stick he had broken off the tree.

"The fairy princess has come."

"Tell me of five years ago," the girl suggested after an embarrassed silence.

"Is it necessary? I feel that somehow you know."

"After half-an-hour?"

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"It is more than that now. But don't you know, it is so usual."

"You mean you loved and rode away."

"Something like that."

"And the girl, did she like it?"

"Of course, otherwise would I have gone? No, ten thousand times no. Until to-night no other woman has made me take off the mask. It is, because, somehow, you bring it all back, and—I think you must be like her if only I could see you. After all, you will probably never see me or know who I am."

"But you forget it is nearly twelve o'clock."

"I must vanish before then."

"But all the same you are not telling me anything about five years ago."

"It would be disloyal to my love to tell you more, and I should be ashamed to face you again."

"Not if we never see each other. You can't recognise voices, you say. But you have not told me why the girl liked you riding away."

"Why, there may have been another man. I never heard. There may have been many reasons."

"What was the girl's name?" she asked suddenly.

"Elsie," he said simply.

"And why was it you rode away?"

He was silent for a moment, as though thinking. Unconsciously he traced some marks on the gravel before his feet. Then, raising his head, "Oh," he said, "she knew—and she made no sign."

Suddenly, with a quick movement, the girl laid her hand on the man's arm. He felt her fingers tremble, and then his heart began to beat, to thump, dealing him great blows.

"She made no sign—no——" said the girl, speaking softly and quickly, "but *you* have—and now I see everything. Listen, I will tell you the whole story from beginning to end. There was a girl, a lucky girl she was, with everything in the world she could want, but with one misfortune—she was rich. And so the man she loved—oh, I know now, though he never told her—it was because she was rich he—he just rode away."

She was sobbing.

"And——and—— the girl's name was—was——"

"Elsie."

His arms were round her. He smothered her sobs with his kisses.

"Elsie, Elsie," he cried, "and so it is really you? After all these years. Take off your mask and let me look."

"Can't you trust me even yet?"

His answer was not given in words.

"But how did you know why I dared not stay?" he asked presently.

"Look down," she laughed.

He looked at the gravel in front of them and understood, for there were the letters he had unconsciously traced—

£ s. d.

"Oh," he said, "she knew—and she made no sign."

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Some Queer and Exciting Experiences of Famous Football Officials on and off the Field.

By A. Wallis Myers.

Mr. G. O. Smith, the famous old International centre-forward, was quite right when he said the hardest position to fill in the sphere of football is that of referee. Courage and firmness are, of course, next to a complete knowledge of the game, the essential qualifications; it is as necessary for the man who holds the whistle to be without fear as it is for the man who holds a sword.

REFEREES AT SCHOOL.

There is a school for referees in Chancery Lane where aspiring officials are cross-examined on the subject of their duties. One of the questions they are asked is: What ought you to do if the crowd break on to the field and assume a threatening attitude towards the referee? It is said that a due reflection as to the right answer has led several candidates to think better of their determination to take the whistle.

For, needless to say, however sound and efficient may be the work of a referee, his verdicts are frequently questioned and often violently repudiated by the spectators. These people give voice to their opinion as boldly as the "gods" at a theatrical "first-night," and when that has had no effect they have been known to use violence. Indeed, hostile demonstrations are by no means unfamiliar to even our leading referees, carrying all the weight of experience and authority.

Mr. Arthur Kingscott, for example, perhaps the most famous of all, has been repeatedly mobbed, and on several occasions has had to beat a rapid retreat from the arena, more or less disguised.

MOBBED THROUGH A MISTAKE.

One of his escapes from untimely extinction had a somewhat amusing aspect. He was directing an important match at Luton, during which he had to disallow no fewer than four goals. These rulings, though perfectly fair, incensed the crowd, and at the conclusion of the match it surrounded the pavilion and used exceedingly threatening language towards the referee, who was engaged in changing his dress inside.

Mr. Kingscott, always equal to the occasion, slipped quietly away to the railway station by a side door and caught his train home; but there was an unpleasant sequel. It appears that one of the directors of the losing club bore a striking facial resemblance to the great referee, and when this gentleman made his appearance among the shouting throng, he was instantly set upon and received a nasty mauling at the hands of the turbulent mob, most of whom were his own supporters!

POLICE PROTECTION!

On more than one occasion Mr. Kingscott has had to seek the assistance of the police, when the hostility of the crowd has been unusually severe, and when his person has been in danger of assault.

He remembers on one occasion at Newton Heath when he awarded a penalty kick twice over. This judicial act provoked quite a stampede around Mr. Kingscott after the whistle had gone, and it required twenty stalwart constables to escort him to his hotel, where he was guarded like any brutal murderer fearing a lynching. Few will deny

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that it requires no ordinary amount of courage to be a referee in a big way of business.

Two of the best known referees in the South of England, who were both members of the old Hotspurs, are Mr. Nat Whittaker and Mr. C. D. Crisp. The former's experience goes back to the time when football was played at the Oval, and in practically the last game played on that inclosure, Corinthians *v.* Queen's Park (Glasgow), he controlled the players.

In the course of his umpiring work, Mr. Whittaker has travelled thousands of miles, from one end of the country to the other, and so sound has his refereeing been, that very few "scenes" have attended his decisions. He vividly remembers, however, being mobbed in one match nearly nine years ago; and on another occasion he assisted a policeman to throw a man over the ropes; but, generally speaking, Mr. Whittaker has been singularly fortunate in the receptions accorded him.

Catching trains has kept this popular official in good form. Once he missed his express at the London terminus, which was to have carried him direct to the venue of a big match in the South. It was a thing Mr. Whittaker had never done before—the result of an accident to his cab. In vain he consulted the time-table to find a later train which would avail his purpose. In desperation he spoke to the station master; but all that official could suggest was that the referee should take a train stopping at a place thirty miles from his destination, and then trust to providence to find him a conveyance to complete his journey.

Of course, the hapless gentleman took this course; but it was a near go. On the way he had to exchange vehicles three times, and

Once Mr. Arthur Kingscott, the well-known referee, had to disallow four goals in one match. In consequence, the crowd were thirsting for his blood by the time the match was over. Mr. Kingscott, however, escaped, while the mob hustled and maltreated an unfortunate director of the losing club who bore a striking resemblance to him.

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Mr. C. D. Crisp, when refereeing in a match at Reading, in which he had awarded a penalty kick to the visiting team, had occasion to bless his stars that he could run and jump. He left the ground hurriedly, doing his best to break the cross-country records. He failed in that, but out-distanced the crowd.

eventually arrived on the ground, breathless but triumphant, to find the teams anxiously awaiting his coming, and the crowd more than impatient.

THE REFEREE WON THE RACE.

Mr. C. D. Crisp, though quite as capable, has scarcely enjoyed such an immunity from mobbing as his old club-mate. His escape at Reading from the clutches of an angry mob, which resented his awarding a penalty to the visiting side, was one of the most exciting incidents of his life. With danger looming ahead, Mr. Crisp found it necessary to leave the field at a high speed, and then to make for open country as fast as he could.

Arriving on the banks of the Thames at Caversham, the wily referee was unceremoniously hustled into a barge, in which he effected a rapid crossing, though the vessel nearly overturned in transit. His pursuers were hot on his heels and crossed in another boat, bent on keeping up the chase.

Then Mr. Crisp, while running ahead, was seized with a lucky idea. Sighting a cab, he quickly hailed it and diving in told the driver to put on full steam ahead. Not a moment too soon! On came the excited mob, following the vehicle. At last they caught it up, and the door was pulled violently open.

But they had been neatly baffled.

There was nobody inside. Instead of remaining in the cab Mr. Crisp had left it immediately by the opposite door, and was well on his way home chuckling, when the crowd became convinced of its mistake.

THE UNPLEASANT JOB—SUSPENDING PLAYERS.

The poor referee not only has to attend to the laws of the game but he has to perform the disagreeable task of reprimanding offenders, and reporting their conduct to the governing body. Thus in the case of professionals he is often the reluctant medium for suspending a man and, perhaps, stopping his pay, but it is a very rare thing indeed for a

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player to offend again—the lesson is nearly always taken wholesomely to heart.

Mr. Crisp calls to mind a curious case in connection with a military match at Cowes, in which he was officiating. It was not an ordinary contest by any means, and in the exercise of his duty Mr. Crisp ordered five men off the field, and they were subsequently suspended for various periods. A short time afterwards he was travelling to a town in the South to take control when a sergeant of infantry got into his railway compartment carrying a bag, from the handle of which football boots were suspended. Strange to say, this man was the worst offender at Cowes, his suspension having that very day expired; and he was making his way to play in the identical match at which Mr. Crisp was himself going to referee!

The wags of a north country football crowd had a fine opportunity when the headgear of the referee—who was nearly bald—was nearly lifted by the football. "Why don't you comb your hair?" was the cry raised, much to the unfortunate official's discomfiture.

Many strange things have happened on the field of play itself with which leading umpires have been associated. Several times important officials, running desperately to keep pace with the flight of the ball, have had the wind knocked completely out of their bodies by receiving the leather sphere bang in the chest. This is, perhaps, all the more disconcerting because it may only happen to the same referee once in a season—he is not accustomed, like the player, to being bowled over on his back.

PERSONAL REMARKS.

"Why don't you comb your hair?" was the very rude remark ejaculated by a member of a North Country crowd to a referee whose cap had been neatly carried away by the ball just shaving his head. The force or "wit" of this observation lay in the fact that the distinguished official was rapidly going bald.

It sometimes happens that the referee has to put up with a good deal of chaff of this character directed at his personal appearance, or at some minor infirmity, and it would be well if over-sensitive men never aspired to a position which is always open to abuse from ill-conducted people.

"BLOW YOUR NOSE AT HOME!"

The story is told of not a very self-controlled referee who had a peculiar habit of blowing his nose just before a free kick was discharged, the operation naturally delaying the blowing of the whistle. If he did this once, he did it a hundred times, and spectators, kicking their toes on the ground to keep them warm, must be pardoned for sometimes showing signs of irritation.

One day in a Midland town our friend's remarkable habit attracted the attention of a little knot of exuberant artisans, whose language was free and occasionally ill-chosen. Only three or four minutes were to expire before "time" was called, and the home team, requiring a goal to win, were pressing like demons. A free kick was given against the visiting side, and the ball was duly placed in position. Out came the referee's red hand-

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A referee was once unwise enough to suggest that the feet of a certain player in a certain match were too big for Rugby football. The player in question—a burly North Country giant—immediately approached the referee and offered—not very politely—to give, then and there, an exhibition of high kicking that would involve injury to that referee's nose.

kerchief, which he militantly used on his nose.

The group of artisans outside the rope could stand it no longer. One of their number jumped over the barrier and in two seconds was standing before the startled umpire. "Look 'ere, gov'ner," he said excitedly, "this ain't a bandstand, and we ain't going to have you wasting time by playing such un'oly music 'ere. Just put the rag away and attend to business. The nose 'll keep till you get 'ome."

HOW A REFEREE SCORED A GOAL.

Is it possible for a referee to score a goal? Yes; this was once accomplished by Mr. Crisp, though, of course, the point was not allowed. He was standing in the mouth of the goal watching a corner being kicked. The ball descended, as if aimed purposely, right on to his head, and glancing off it passed through the posts. Mr. Crisp quietly picked up his cap and ordered the corner to be re-kicked. But the spectators laughed boisterously.

BALL-BURSTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Arthur Scragg is another very prominent referee in the Midlands. Strange experiences have often befallen this energetic and learned referee. He remembers acting in an English Cup Tie, when the players burst every ball the home club possessed, and it was necessary to send an expedition out to hunt for another. Eventually when the players were considering whether they should adjourn, a ball was borrowed from a knot of boys playing on a waste piece of land, and the tie was finished after half-an-hour's interval.

Two remarkable exhibitions of mis-directed energy Mr. Scragg has witnessed on the field. The first happened in the Potteries, where both clubs were of good position. The secretary was acting as linesman, and without warning, seeing his opportunity, he rushed on to the turf and kicked a goal for his own side!

A LADY INTERVENES.

The other case was that of a girl, the sweetheart of one of the players, who resented her lover being charged. Without a moment's hesitation she ran on to the field and faced the "charger" with her umbrella. The crowd jeered, but the poor man was unmercifully belaboured, and has since given up football.

Mr. Rowland Hill, who has just completed his majority as honorary secretary of the Rugby Union, has had some strange experiences in the course of his long career. On

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one occasion, when proceeding to officiate in an important match, he was accosted, it is said, by an enthusiastic supporter of one of the teams, who in an extraordinary speech extolled the virtues of his favourites, ending up his harangue by offering Mr. Hill a costly present if the club he supported won. This was not a bribe, let it be said, but merely a token acknowledging the donor's passionate interest in his club. As a matter of fact, the club lost, and our friend was terribly upset in consequence.

"PAY UP, REFEREE!"

One of the most remarkable incidents occurring in a Rugby contest happened at Cambridge three or four years ago. Two colleges were striving against each other for supremacy, the referee in charge being an undergraduate who made himself notorious in a particularly fast set by running very heavily into debt, and being ever in fear of "dunning."

Unluckily for this gentleman, it so happened that one of his most pressing creditors, who had repeatly failed to catch his debt-burdened customer ready at hand, was passing the field of play, and stopping to watch the match for a moment, espied the defaulter. The man, of course, knew his business too well to attempt conversation with a creditor in front of so many other clients; but this fact did not, apparently, occur to the undergraduate, who, being chattingly reminded that he was being shadowed, immediately blew his whistle, stopped the game, and hurriedly left the field, saying that he was feeling very unwell.

The match was finished with another referee, but the story soon got abroad over the University, creating much amusement.

HOW REFEREES KEEP APPOINTMENTS.

From a totally different cause was the embarrassment of a referee due in the South of England. He had an urgent appointment to keep the very moment the match was over; but, unfortunately, the game was late in starting, and our friend got very fidgety as time went on, and the hour of his engagement (in the same town, by the way) drew nigh.

Suddenly a happy thought took possession of his soul.

It was a slightly foggy day, though not so foggy as to warrant a cessation of hostilities. This, however, did not matter. When, after consulting his watch, the referee found he had but ten minutes to get to his meeting place, he blew a shrill blast on his whistle. The players stopped amazed.

"It's too foggy to finish," he said decisively; and walked quietly off the ground.

REFEREE AS CIRCUS PERFORMER.

At a Liverpool match a short time ago the referee, Mr. Jack Lewis, had an unfortunate experience. In one of those big thrilling rushes that create such excitement, he was sent flying head over heels through the goal. The scoring side were a bit disconcerted when Mr. Lewis pulled himself together and disallowed the goal on the grounds that he did not see it, to the intense delight and jubilation of their opponents.

AN UNKIND TRICK.

It pays to keep in the good books of the team you are to referee for. A referee in the Midlands was hardly a favourite with one team. Before the match, when lunching at a hotel, he was kept talking by some of the members of the team on a knotty point of football, and only just arrived at the ground in time to change into his regulation referee's costume. Imagine his wrath on discovering that in the place of his usual dress his bag contained a minute pair of boy's knickers and an absurdly small night cap!

ASSOCIATION UNDER RUGBY RULES.

Everyone knows that Rugby and Association football are two very different games, and it follows that if you try to play one game with a referee who only knows the other you will come to grief somewhere. This really happened in the North Midlands. A referee had been sent for to act in a forthcoming match. The note got into the wrong hands, and the referee who turned up was a Rugby and not an Association man. It was only when he was heard to exclaim, "What are you chaps playing at?" that the teams realised that something was wrong.

A JEST MISPLACED.

Lastly, let me tell of a Rugby referee, who nearly came to grief after a match, because he happened to suggest that So-and-so's feet (naming one of the players) seemed a little too big for the game.

The match had been played in the North, where they don't mince matters. The player whose extremities had been criticised came up to the referee.

"Now look here, mister," he said, with a great show of warmth, "I reckon my foot is light enough to reach your nose, if you desire it."

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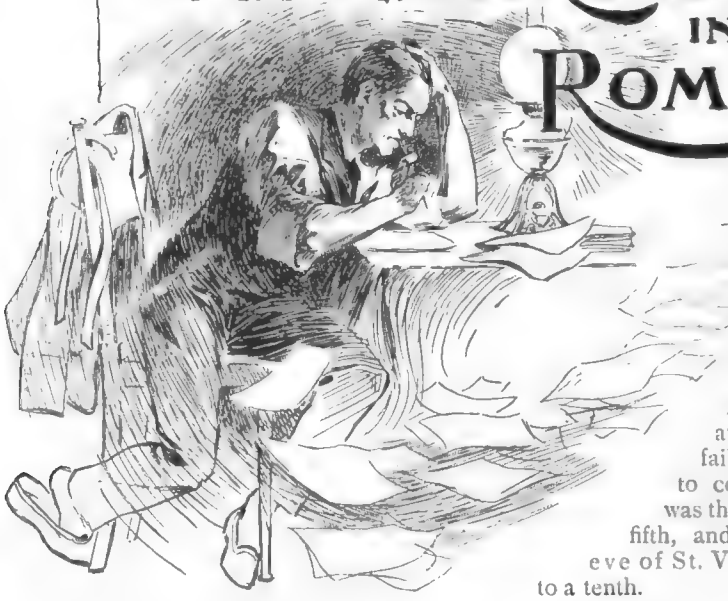
An Experiment in Romance.

The Story of a Valentine.



By Owen Oliver.

Amanda is romantic. I am willing to overlook the failing, but she wishes me to consider it a merit. This was the cause of our first, fourth, fifth, and ninth quarrels. On the eve of St. Valentine it nearly led to a tenth.

I met her by what she terms "the old, old trysting-tree" in Dull Lane. It is a damp lane, and the tree stands in the muddiest part; but she insists upon meeting there. "A halo hovers round the spot!" she declares. I have never seen a halo round it, but it always gets the first of the mist!

Personally I should prefer to meet in her aunt's parlour during the winter; but Amanda has a theory that Aunt Mary Jane is bitterly opposed to my pretensions. To the best of my belief the old lady has had her blessing ready for us at any moment during the past eighteen months; but Amanda objects, on principle, to the course of true love running smooth.

She was ten minutes late, as usual, upon the occasion in question. She fancies it is unromantic to be punctual. I was getting cold about the feet, and inclined to be cross, but she was breathless with running, and I had to support her. It is impossible to be angry with Amanda under such circumstances. Also she clung tightly to me, because she had seen an apparition. It was the lodge-keeper's wife hanging washing on the line really; but she would not believe me.

"I saw it," she persisted, and drew herself up to her full height, when her feather tickled me in the ear and I jumped. "Oh!" she cried, "*you* saw something."

I explained the reason for my start, but she would not believe me.

"Ordinary people see ordinary things," she said, turning up her nose. "Everything is commonplace nowadays."

"Everything is commonplace in its own times," I explained. "Knights and fairy princesses, and—er—apparitions, were commonplace when they abounded."

She tossed her head and refused to be supported any longer.

"Anyhow, I wish I had lived in those days," she vowed. "They did things so romantically. Look at valentines, for example."

"But I shall send you a valentine," I protested. She shrugged her shoulders.

"You will buy something at a shop—stamped 'Made in Somewhere'—"

"Things must be made somewhere."

"Ye—es; but one needn't know . . . *You* will send it by the postman. The knights came themselves; unless, of course, they were at the—the Crusades; or somewhere." Amanda's romance is generally vague. "Then they sent a special messenger."

"You shall have it by express delivery," I volunteered. I always humour her if I can.

"Express delivery!" She shrugged herself. "You don't understand me. I am afraid you

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never will." She sighed. "What I mean is that the knights took some personal trouble in the matter. They didn't buy things, they wrote—verses!"

"Then they were"—I was going to say "idiots," but caught her eye in time. "They were—misguided. Come, come, Amanda. What *is* the use of verses?"

"Verses," she explained, "are poetry!"

I don't profess to understand such matters; but it seems to me that this is what they usually are not! "If they could get home from the wars," she continued, "they rode their horses to death to get under *her* window, so that she could see them when she looked out at dawn on St. Valentine's morning, and—"

"You wouldn't be up!" I reminded her.

"Pardon me! Last year I rose at six o'clock, and—"

"Saw the paper-man," I suggested. She stamped her foot.

"I didn't. . . . You are horrid. . . . . Well, it was the milk-boy. I *hate* living in these nasty common days. So there!" She trudged along with her head in the air for a few steps. Then she took hold of my arm. "I am a disagreeable little wretch," she whispered. "I'm going to be nice now. . . . You will try to be a *little* romantic, won't you?"

"I am a disagreeable wretch," she whispered. "I'm going to be nice now."

"Certainly, my dear," I vowed. "Certainly."

I made up my mind upon the instant that I would write a valentine in verse, and deliver it in person. When I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it. I am a man of business.

Writing verses seems a simple thing. It isn't really, because the words that rhyme don't make sense, and the words that make sense don't rhyme.

It seems to me that the best poetry has been produced by accident rather than design. Indeed, this is evident if you consider the hare-brained, hare-stealing nature of the persons who have become celebrated as poets.

I, on the other hand, had the advantage of a sound commercial training. So I decided to set about the matter in a business-like fashion. In the first place I wrote out a clear inventory of those excellences of Amanda which I purposed celebrating. Finding that the list tended to become unwieldy, I cut out about four-fifths. This left the following:

1. That she is, of all women, the most beautiful.
2. That she is, of all women, the most charming.
3. That she is, of all women, the most sensible.
4. That she is, of all women, the most affectionate.
5. That she is, of all women, the most faithful.
6. That she is, of all women, the most kindly.
7. That I have a great regard for her.
8. That consequently (and with her consent) I purpose marrying her.

I got as far as this by ten o'clock. Then I made out a list of suitable words which rhymed, so that I need not waste time over the endings. The words which I selected were as follows:

1. Fair.	5. Mind.
2. Compare.	6. Kind.
3. Know.	7. Love.
4. Show.	8. Prove.

The last two did not rhyme quite exactly, but one has to sacrifice something to sense, and I foresaw that "love" must come in somewhere.

I didn't know much about the subject, but I believe this is a rule no poet ever breaks.

I decided on the endings in a few minutes. The difficulty was to fill in the rest. I consumed a quire of paper before I got it done, and I had to change two of the endings, but I think you will agree

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that the result justified the labour. It was this:

TO AMANDA.

Amanda Brown, O maid most fair!
Your charms are far beyond compare.
There's naught worth knowing you don't know,
There's depth of feeling in your "Oh!"

(I have always noticed the nice way she has of using this interjection.)

You're firm when you make up your mind,
But I have found you very kind.
Amanda only you I love,
As with a wedding-ring I'll prove.
Upon this morn of Valentine,
O will you, will you, not be mine?

The door flew open suddenly, and I turned a backward somersault over a chair.

The last couplet was an afterthought. I suppose some people would call it an inspiration. It was not strictly accurate, because I did not propose to marry her upon the date in question, but it seemed to give the poem a finish suitable to the occasion.

I wrote out a fair copy, and was just going to bed, when I happened to look at the clock. To my astonishment it was half-past two. To get to Amanda's by six I should have to rise at 5.30. I am a heavy sleeper, and my alarum was broken (I cannot imagine how the knights managed without one). It was, therefore, unlikely that I should wake in time; and if I did, it was probable that Amanda would not.

It would be frightfully cold waiting outside the house, and my vigil would possibly be the subject of remark. After all, I reflected, one might as well be romantic in a sensible manner. I would take the valentine and pin it on her window frame, so that it must catch her eye when she looked out.

I could explain that I wanted rest after sitting up all night making verses. To let her know at the outset that I had done so, I wrote across the top of the sheet, in the way we used to write on the school examination papers:

Time occupied, 5 hours: 9.30 p.m. to 2.30. a.m.

Then I put the poem in an envelope and myself in a top-coat and went out. It was cold and gusty and drizzling with rain, and I shivered horribly. If the ancient knights went out valentining at such hours I can only say that I pity them.

Amanda's aunt's house stands back in a garden. There is a long balcony across the front. Amanda's room looks out on it. I managed to climb up a pillar and get on the balcony. While I was fumbling for the envelope a policeman came down the road. It occurred to me that, to a man of his limited range of intellect, my position might be difficult to explain. I therefore removed to the end of the balcony, outside the dining-room, which is shaded by a large tree.

To my horror he came right in the gate, which I had left open, and up the path. I was at my wit's end, when I noticed that the window was not fastened. I raised it softly and got inside. After waiting a minute I peeped out. To my dismay I saw his head just appearing over the balcony. Then a leg came over. Then he stood up. Then he

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advanced to the open window with drawn truncheon.

I rushed to the door, but it was locked on the outside. He took a cautious step into the room, and I gave a violent tug at the door handle. The door flew open suddenly, and I turned a backward somersault over a chair. I was too stunned to remember the rest distinctly, but I recollect seeing Aunt Mary Jane, dressed in white, in the doorway, with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other. Also I recollect that the policeman put handcuffs on me before he let me get up; that Aunt Mary Jane draped herself in a table-cover; and that I hid my face with my arms, so that she should not recognise me.

Then he led me off to the police-station, where they called me a "Valentine!"

At eight o'clock in the morning I was taken in to the superintendent. He was a big, jovial man, and he looked at the charge-sheet and me in turn, and pursed his lips. Then he sent the policeman away.

"*You* aren't a burglar," he said.

"No," I told him. "I am a—a valentine."

"Tell me about it," he requested. So I related the story, and in proof handed him the envelope containing the verses. When I had finished my narration he walked over to the fire and poked it. His shoulders shook very much. I believe that he laughed. I did not myself see anything to laugh at; but I feared that Amanda would.

"Can I go?" I inquired.

"You'll have to get someone to identify you first," he explained. "Whom shall I send for?"

I named a friend, and he said I could wait in his little sitting-room till an answer came. I sat there for half-an-hour with my head on my hand, feeling very miserable. I may not be romantic, but I am awfully fond of Amanda; and I looked upon her as gone. To a person of her temperament ridicule is fatal to love.

Presently the door opened and the inspector peeped in.

"I've delivered your valentine," he announced cheerily, "and brought back hers."

He opened the door a little wider, and Amanda rushed at me like a whirlwind.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried. "My poor, *poor*, old Fred! It was *noble* of you!"

She is, as I said, romantic! I am not sure that it is a fault—in her!

Seven Years' Penal.

The story of Seven Years' Penal Servitude—a sentence undergone by a man of good birth and education—is now told in detail for practically the first time.

The thrilling episodes with which the narrative abounds are absolutely genuine experiences—from the day of the writer's arrest up to the present moment. Imprisoned since 1896, the writer is now on ticket of leave, and regains his full liberty in June of this year.

His sensational story—a living document full of tragedy and pathos—will appear exclusively in "Pearson's Magazine," and will contain absolute proof of the genuineness of the story, including the photograph of the writer, and extracts from the report of his trial from the newspapers of 1896. The first instalment of the narrative will appear in the February number of "Pearson's Magazine," published January 30th.

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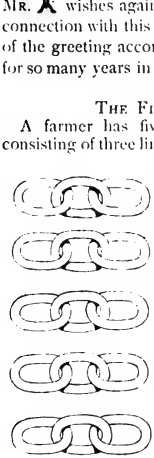
MR. X wishes again to thank the many readers of THE ROYAL who have written to him in connection with this new feature. In fact, he is almost overcome by the enthusiastic nature of the greeting accorded to him, and we believe he is now quite sorry that he has languished for so many years in the solitary enjoyment of his puzzles and problems!

THE FIVE CHAINS.

A farmer has five pieces of chain, each consisting of three links, which he is anxious to have joined up into one piece. He goes to the village blacksmith and asks his price for work of this kind. The blacksmith says that his charge is ½d. for every link he has to break, and ½d. for every weld. The farmer goes next day for his chain and offers 3d. in payment for the work done. The blacksmith says:



"No; my charge is 4d."

The farmer replies: "But you could have done the work with *three* breaks and *three* welds."

How was this possible? The obvious solution requires four breaks and four welds.

THREE MORE AMUSING CATCHES.

FITZSMART: "How do you pronounce M-a-c-d-o-n-a-l-d?" (Spelling out the letters one by one.)

FITZNOODLE: "MacDonald."

FITZSMART: "How do you pronounce M-a-c-i-n-t-y-r-e?"

FITZNOODLE: "MacIntyre."

FITZSMART: "How do you pronounce M-a-c-h-i-n-e-r-y?"

FITZNOODLE: "Mac Hinery."

FITZSMART: "Oh, do you? In this part of the country we usually pronounce the word *machinery*."

FITZSMART: "Would you say 'A yoke of oxen *is* ploughing or *are* ploughing?'"

FITZNOODLE: "*Is*, of course."

FITZSMART: "Would you say the yolk of an egg *is* white or *are* white?"

FITZNOODLE: "*Is*, of course. What next?"

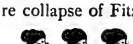
FITZSMART; "Well, I should say the yolk of an egg is *yellow!*"

FITZSMART: "Have you heard the story of the three wells?"

FITZNOODLE: "No."

FITZSMART: "Well! well!! well!!!"

(Entire collapse of FitzNoodle.)

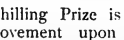


AN ALPHABETICAL SENTENCE.

Mr. X wants a really sensible sentence of twenty-six words, the first letter of each of which shall come in alphabetical order, so that the first word shall commence with A, the second with B, the third with C, and so on.

Here is an attempt, none too good:—"**A**s **B**rethren **C**onsiderately **D**iscern **E**very **F**riendly, **G**ood, **H**onest **I**ntention; **J**udge **K**indly, **L**ovingly; **M**editate **N**ot **O**n **P**eople's **Q**uixotism, **R**ather **S**tudy **T**o **U**nceasingly **V**enerate **W**isdom, **X**enodochy, **Y**ielding-ness, **Z**eal."

A Five Shilling Prize is offered for the best improvement upon this, to reach Mr. X not later than February 20th.



A PROBLEM IN SUBTRACTION.

An English word is known to me,
Seven letters it contains,
From which when you have taken two
Exactly eight remains.

What is the word?

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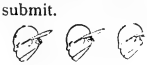
Early Art.

The amount of expression which can be extracted from a few simple lines is astonishing. Take the two faces here reproduced:

That on the left, with the lines of the eyes and mouth following the curve of the circular outline, is full of smiles, whilst the face on the right, with its drooping mouth and contracted eyebrows, wears a most melancholy expression. And yet the only difference between the two faces is in the curves of the mouth and eye lines.

We give some rather more elaborate examples, which require dots as well as curves.

Mr. X suggests as a pleasant evening amusement the making of funny faces and striking expressions in the fewest number of strokes possible, and will be interested to see any specimens that readers of the Royal may care to submit.



Magic Squares.

Everyone knows how a magic square is made. Here is a simple one:

T E N
E R A
N A P

The special property of a magic square, of course, being that the words can be read the same, across or downwards.

The following five-lettered magic square has been submitted with *Royal* as the centre word:

P A R I S
A R O M A
R O Y A L
I M A G E
S A L E P

Can anyone improve upon this?

Salep is not a very well-known word, though of course, quite allowable, and *Paris* is a proper name. Proper names are often admitted, but a magic square made up without proper names is of greater merit. A prize of five shillings will be given to the sender of the best magic square with *Royal* as the centre word; and another prize of ten shillings will be given to the sender of the biggest and best magic square. Magic squares can, of course, be formed with much longer words. It is a condition of these competitions that all the words employed must be English words, to be found in Nuttall's standard dictionary. Both these competitions close on February 20th. Envelopes must be addressed to Mr. X and marked "Magic Square."

NOTES ABOUT PUZZLES IN PREVIOUS ISSUES OF THE *ROYAL*.

Perfect Numbers.

6 and 28 were given two months ago as samples of perfect numbers, namely, numbers which are exactly the sum of all their integral divisors. Thus the divisors of 28 are 14, 7, 4, 2, 1, and their sum is 28.

496 and 8128 are also perfect, the divisors of the latter being 4064, 2032, 1016, 508, 254, 127, 64, 32, 16, 8, 4, 2, 1, and their sum 8128.

Then come 33550336 and 8589869056. Readers are not asked to verify these, nor the following number:

2658455991569831744654692615953842176, which is also perfect—too big a perfect, indeed, for ordinary mortals, including Mr. X.

Punctuation Puzzles.

It was and I said not but.

Answer.—**It was "and," I said, not "but."**

Charles the First walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off.

Answer.—**Charles the First walked and talked; half an hour after his head was cut off.**

Cryptic Sentences.

He talked from 22222222222 uninteresting people.

Or in plain English:

He talked from twenty-two (minut s) to two, to two (minutes) to two, to twenty-two uninteresting people.

Y y u r y y u b l c u r y y for me.

or:

Too wise you are,
Too wise you be.
I see you are
Too wise f r me.

* * * * *

Time flies you cannot they pass at such irregular intervals.

or:

Time flies; you cannot; they pass at such irregular intervals.

["Time," of course, being used in the sense of timing a race, and "flies" being the well-known summer insects.]

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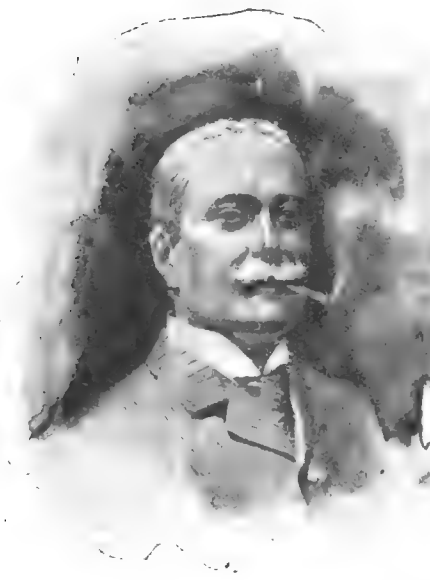

My Nephew Max

By Fox Russell.

Being Extract No. III. from a Married Uncle's Diary.

The blow has fallen. My sister, dear Constance, has just written to ask if I and dear Mollie would mind taking the boys for the first week of their holidays as "the measles is positively raging in our village."

Worried considerably over the question whether dear Constance should not have said "measles *are* raging, etc."—measles one disease, it is true—sort of singular disease with plural kind of flavour. Can *not* think whether it should be "is" or "are." So wearing. Consult dear Mollie, who only laughs at me. So hurtful. Dislike being laughed at. Explain this to dear M., who laughs all the more. Breezy creature, dear Mollie.

Give up question of "is" or "are" as applied to measles, in despair, and suggest short run abroad, in order to escape boys' threatened visit.

Mollie negatives this at once, saying she always enjoys herself when boys are here. So weird. However, if she can stand it, suppose I can also. Sigh and write to dear Constance, accepting my fate with best grace possible.

Letter from the boy Max, in a day or two:

Dear Uncle Charlie,

I say, the Mater's jest ritten and sed weere to go to you when we brake up becos of meesils, this is riping, by gum! I wonder if you and Aunt Mollie are ass glad ass Stinker and me about it?

There'll be sutch lots to do. Weel hunt—do you recklect that day's hunting we had wunce, with your staghounds, when I rode rite acrorse that old Barrenet buffer, and upset him? (I do indeed! lost me a twenty-five guinea subscriber, that little episode) and Stinker's pony fell inter a ditch and you had to pay a gipsy feller harf a sov. for bringing the pony home? Oh! it *was* a lark, wassent it?

Well, we can do orl that agane, I don't meen fall inter ditches and upset Barrenets, but jest go out hunting, you know in the ordrinry way. And then we can have ratting in the barn and orlso go out and shoot rabits.

Don't you think insted of highering ponies for us, ass you did, we cood ride your hunters—(I gasped for breath! the cool impudence!)—and then it wouldent cost you ennything. Well ennyhow, ittle be orfly joly and weel be shure to stay ass long as ever we can. It *will* be an orfle rag! (I expect *I* shall before they've finished with me.)

Larst nite we had our breaking up party, they corl it the Parents' Nite, and by gum, the parents do have a good time of it—chunks of tuck orl at Stoggins's expense. I carnt think why the Govner orlways shies at tucking in, here. He ses cake and buns, and gellies and cream dont agree with his digeshon and the sherry and clarrot cup are poison.

I only wish I was a parent and had his chance, at least, not at the clarrot cup, ass it orlways gives me a stum—pain. Wen I told the Govner I wished I was a parent, he side and sed:

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"Ah, my boy, you littel know a parent's respongsibbletys."

Wot rot, why they have orl the tin, no lessons, and jest ass mutch tuck ass they can hold—theyre not limmyted like we are. Wares the respongsibblety of that?

Well, after tuck, we had Ressertations and then sum of the fellers witch lern music (issent it skittles for a feller to lern squawling and play the pianner jest like a gurl?) sang.

I think a chap orlways looks sutch a silly ass wen he sings, dont you? and about effry ten minits, up gets old Stoggins to let off wot he corls "a few wurds" jest to swager and spread himself, and tork a lot of rot about the edgevew—no thats rong—the edgeyoucagetunal Currickyoulum (not quite shure wether I've spelt that rite. I do make mistakes in these verry long wurds sumtimes.)

Then we orl adjurned and had Feets in the Swimming Bath. I don't meen we had Foot Baths, but Feets—you know, rotting about, and orl that—in the water. Murray major, that big Sckotch chap whoo made me give back the twopence to his young brother and then bagged it for himself, you know, wen I was thinking of giving up Littrycher and taking to Finans—well, he was the first to do a Feet.

He was to tern a summersalt backwards inter the water. Jest ass he was going to spring, I prettendid to give a loud sneeze and it borked him and he fell over flat on his back and went in sutch a wallop! I larfed till I nearly cride, by gum it did sting him up a bit! He came up spluttering and harf full of water, and looked round so vengefly at me. I shall evoid Murray major carefly till we leave, now.

Then wun of the yunger masters whoose an orfle rotter and orlways trying to shove himself forward, did a Feet. He was to lay out flat on the high diving board, and then shoot himself over the end inter the water—well, Boots—you know Boots? (do I not? have I not suffered severely at the hands of that spotty-faced youth when he was brought by my nephews as *their* guest in *my* house!)

Boots and me in the erly part of the evening, jest wen orl the rest were listning to the music, crept up and sawed the plunge board harf throo, and wen this chap laid his whole wate on it, it gave a grate crack and he and the plunge board together, went plunk inter the Bath. There was a yell of larfter but Stoggins got orfly mad and let orf anuther speech saying that this was the wicked trick of sum evil dispoced purson and that the purpletraitor should be discovered and sverely punnished. I'me glad weere braking up.

The yung master hit his noce an orfle crack on the board, as he carried it inter the water with him. Boots and me have berried the saw we did it with, at the end of the playing fields, so I think it's orlrite.

Arfter the Feets we orl had cake—beasely plane stuff with no curents in it—and a glass of ginger wine, and were sposed to go to bed insted of witch we went up to the Doormattry and started cooking sossidges over the gas—then we had sum poted Lopstir, eten with a hairpin, and rarsbry jam to wind up with—I felt rarther sick, and Stinker *was*.

We comence our holerdays on Thursday so weel start by very furst train and hoap to be with you before lunch (I sincerely "hoap" not!)

With love to Aunt Mollie.

Yors affuecshuntly

MAX.

We started cooking sossidges over the gas.

THURSDAY.—Just returned from station bringing boys. Terrible affair *en route*. Max persuaded me to let him drive. Suppose I have only myself to blame for what happened. He allowed mare to go along, full swing trot until turning corner into narrow lane, when we suddenly met Lady Fitzfoozleton's phaeton. Too late, Max pulled sharply aside locking our wheel into that of the phaeton.

Result: our cart hurled into ditch: horse standing on his head, groom ditto. I alighted in a thorn hedge, whilst Max was found sitting on Lady Fitzfoozleton's bonnet. Tommy subsequently discovered flat on his face, in wet furrow of ploughed field, his mouth full of mud.

Struggled up and rushed to Lady F's assistance. Lady F. still embracing her coachman's back. Both vehicles considerably damaged. Crowd assembled and carriages at length disengaged and patched up with string, wooden splints on shafts, etc.

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Rushed into hall to find Max lying in a heap at foot of stairs, large butler's tray on top of him.

Everyone glares at me. Why me? If I had been driving, this would never have happened. Max's sole remark is "By golly! what a bust up, ain't it?" So coarse. Apologise profusely to Lady F. and assure her that everything shall be made good at my expense. Lady F. shows strong symptoms of going into hysterics. Seize box-seat cushion, and attempt to fan her with it. Unsympathetic sniggers from the crowd.

Doctor opportunely appears on scene, and after feeling Lady F.'s pulse, informs me in loud and aggressive tones that I might have killed her ladyship.—Why I?—Explain—Doctor still aggressive—So brutal. Finally offered to convey Lady F. to her home, in my cart as being the least damaged of the two. Lady F. loftily declines, saying she could not trust herself to my charioteering.

Feel crushed, and drive home gingerly, for fear shaft should give way in spliced part. Max's cheery offer to resume driving, firmly declined by me. Never again.

Arrived home and damages to boys' clothing being repaired—chiefly at expense of my own wardrobe—they begin romping with dear Mollie. Dislike romping. Explain this. Max says:

"What rot!"

So rude. Tommy, my other nephew, defiantly remarks:

"What's it matter, if Aunt Mollie don't mind?"

Regret to say dear Mollie seems to side with them—finally retreat to study for quiet cigar and to wonder if I shall get out of this carriage accident under a hundred pounds. Even at this price, feel there is much to be thankful for. *Might* have been charged with manslaughter had anything happened to Lady F.

Cigar soothing. Suppose I must have

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gradually fallen asleep. Was peacefully dreaming of the garden and that my favourite Cochin Chinas were winning every prize throughout the country when I was suddenly awakened by hideous din on staircase.

Rushed into hall to find Max lying in a heap at foot of stairs, large butler's tray on top of him, Tommy and Mollie bending over his lifeless form. I rushed into dining-room, and snatched brandy bottle, returning just as sufferer sat up on the door-mat, and began rubbing his head.

"Well, I'm blowed! I wonder what happened?" he observes. Replace brandy on sideboard, deeply relieved. Try to look austere, and ask:

"What were you doing?"

"Oh, we were just trying some tobogganing downstairs on the tea-tray, when the beastly thing caught in something, and I shot all the rest of the way, and landed on my head! Funny, ain't it?"

Great goodness! *he has shot my prize Cochin China hen!*

Prohibit tobogganing on stairs, and, feeling hungry, ask when luncheon will be ready. Dear Mollie looks surprised.

"Why, Charlie, don't you know it's nearly four o'clock, and we've all had luncheon hours ago? I sent Tommy into your study to tell you it was ready, and he came back and said you were asleep."

"So he was," says Tommy stolidly, "and grunting like a pig!"

Butler, standing by, retires, exploding with laughter. Feel very annoyed. Could have only been just dozing. Utterly repudiate "grunting like a pig"—no such thing—Never grunt—Can't very well order luncheon at four o'clock. Retire again to study and take another doze.

Max comes bounding into the room, evidently quite recovered from effects of fall—

"I say, Uncle Charlie, that young ass Stinker (Why won't he use the boy's proper name, Tommy) has taken your double-barrelled gun and shoved some cartridges in, and says he's going to surprise you by shooting a hare or a rabbit and bringing it ho——"

Bang!

I believe I literally flew through the door and down the passage to the garden. As I crossed the lawn hot-foot, in the direction of the gunshot report, my heart sank at bare idea of possible consequences arising from this irresponsible youth being let loose upon an unoffending public with a deadly weapon in his hand.

Visions of "battle, murder, and sudden death" rush through my fearful and disordered mind as I tear along, steeplechasing over the flower beds and breaking down sturdy shrubs wherever they oppose my progress. And then comes relief, as annoyance and anger usurp the place of anxiety and dread. Tommy marches round corner of house, gun upon shoulder and holding a long brown thing in his left hand. I hasten in his direction, to see if it is a hare, a rabbit, or——

Great goodness! *he has shot my prize Cochin China hen!*

Revulsion of feeling too much for me. I drop limply on to window sill, but, unfortunately sit on an inverted tintack. Limpness disappears as though by magic, and I rise hurriedly.

Assume severe aspect and say:

"Tommy, you have greatly displeased me—you have done very serious mischief—you have shot a valuable hen——" but here the horrid child breaks in:

"Well, Uncle Charlie, you can eat it, anyhow, can't you? I heard Aunt Mollie saying to the housekeeper she wanted fowls for dinner and the housekeeper said she was afraid she couldn't get any, so—well, I *knew* that if I could hook your gun, *I'd* get a fowl, and here it is!"

Useless to argue with boys—they are *always* right, in their own estimation. Retire ignominiously to library again, light fresh cigar, and write down Cochin China as a "total loss." Thank Heaven! these boys have a home of their own.

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For several months past tens of thousands of busy brains have been working at the self-imposed task of finding solutions to the pictures which have been appearing in connection with our offer of Five Shillings a Day For Life. Such brains have naturally become expert in the matter of discovering what the pictures actually mean. Every competitor, therefore, in the competition may look upon himself as rather above the ordinary person so far as his ability to solve problems of this sort is concerned.

Under these circumstances it will be good news to such readers to know that a further opportunity of entering a competition of a somewhat similar nature will shortly be forthcoming. The sum offered in this new competition is **£5 a Week for Life.**

There are few readers of this magazine who can afford to ignore such an offer as this. In a large number of cases the winner of £5 a Week For Life would double his present income, and, in any case, such a sum would be a comfortable addition to the amount of which he is in receipt at present.

Many a man has worked hard the whole of his life, and his weekly salary has never exceeded this figure. This has been through no fault of his own, but simply owing to the stress of competition which exists at the present day. With £5 a Week For Life added to whatever he is now getting, the average man would feel absolutely comfortable. The knowledge that, no matter whether he worked or whether he didn't, a crisp £5 note would be left at his house every Saturday of his life, is one calculated to make the life of any man worth living.

The young man who is working hard at his trade or profession and who sees before him a splendid future if he could only obtain the capital, will now have an opportunity of securing an amount which, if saved up for a year, will represent £260, and £260 for every subsequent year! In this way he has only to allow his prize to accumulate for four years and he will then have at his disposal the comfortable sum of over £1,000. With £1,000 any man with brains can found a big and successful business.

Nor is the fair sex forgotten. There are few girls and women to-day who can lay their hands on the money they would like to have, either for themselves or for their children. The young girl who works steadily day in day out, week after week, would find greater pleasure in life if she received the sum of £5 every Saturday morning in addition to the amount she already earns. A large number of girls work because they love work, and, of course, there is no reason why such a girl who wins the big offer should give up her present employment. The £5 would come in for luxuries.

The married woman with children always feels that there might be a little more gold in the household coffers. The money is not always wanted for herself, but usually for the little ones on whom she bestows all her care and affection. The fact that all the cash she would like is not forthcoming is not in any way due to meanness or unkindness on the part of her husband. It is simply because the amount he is earning will not permit him to apportion more than a certain amount towards the immediate necessities of his wife and family. To such a woman the receipt of £5 a Week For Life would mean all the little luxuries she yearns for both for herself and for her children. It would oil the household machinery and make it run smoothly.

And now, having pointed out some of the advantages which would accrue to the person who succeeds in obtaining the amount of £5 a Week For Life, we would say that this offer is made by *Pearson's Weekly*.

The first set of pictures will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* dated January 29th and ready on Friday next, January 23rd.

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CAP AND BELLS

In "High Society."

The yellow moon hung by its crescent hook against the starlit azure of the September sky and the night was dreamy, delicious, divine.

The man and the maiden walked beneath the silent stars and listened to the music from the dusk. Her jewelled fingers rested lightly on his arm and he felt them there as trembling harp strings feel the touch of angel hands that summon forth the soul's high harmonies.

His heart beat fast and the red blood ran riot in his veins, for love had placed its chalice to his lips and he had drunk his fill. He had not spoken, but he felt the spirit of the hope that makes man dare do anything, and now this night of nights should see him conqueror of the maiden's heart.

"A penny for your thoughts," he whispered, bending low to look into her sweet, soft eyes.

"No more?" she murmured looking up at him, to let those blue eyes fall again.

He caught her hand in his and let his full heart flow.

"All I have in the world," he said sublimely.

"Too little," she responded with firmness.

And then he knew that some of his hated rivals had told her that he had but £10,000 a year and no rich relatives.

"I'll try the Pater's cigars."

"Awfully jolly, don't you know!"

"Must have been the kind he keeps for his friends."

Pity the Poet!

Once upon a time there was a man of poetical temperament who was sceptical of the many stories that he read about editors killing poets, so he put the matter to the test.

He wrote a number of poems, and took them to the publisher, who received him very kindly, though he did not buy his wares. He smiled over his experience and went to another publisher, with the same result.

Then he went to other publishers, and others. It was always a kindly reception, with a polite refusal of the poems. The poet continued his visits, even after his money was exhausted, until he lacked sufficient strength through need of food. Then he laid himself down, and starved to death. There are many ways of killing!

* * * *

SADLY CHANGED.

A pensive maid she was, they said,
With calm and thoughtful brow;
But she has changed since she was wed—
She is EX-pensive now.

* * * *

Still Worse!

Edwin: "Why do you have such a young chaperon, dear? Every time she sees me kiss you she turns green with envy."

Angelina: "But I've tried older ones, and they are still worse."

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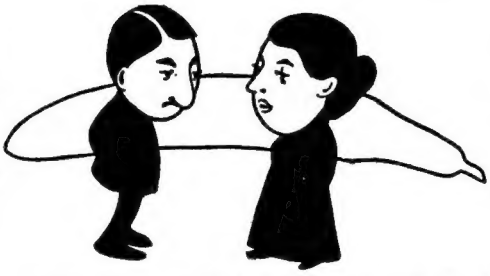
A SAD CASE.

RAY: "That was too bad about May."

JACK: "What happened to her?"

RAY: "She got caught in the rain yesterday while wearing her new bathing suit."

* * *



Young Wife: "I took great pains with that cucumber salad, John, and I hope you enjoyed it."
Husband (anxiously): "I'm afraid, my dear, that I took great pains with it, too."

COLD.

Last week, while skating with a maid
From Croydon, prim and nice,
Before I knew it, we had strayed
Upon unsafe, thin ice.

To save, I saw one only chance—
I kissed that maiden quick,
And felt the ice beneath her glance,
Freeze twenty inches thick!

* * *

TRUE SYMPATHY.

OLD GENT (rising angrily to let late-comer pass to his seat in the stalls): "This eternal getting up is very annoying."

LATE-COMER: "I know it is. That's the reason I never come in myself until the curtain is well up."

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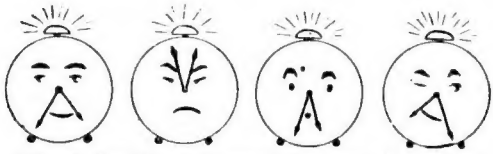

"Great Scott! man! what are you doing with four alarm clocks in your room?"
"I want to try and get a little sleep."
"How can that help you?"
"My wife and baby have gone for a visit, and everything is so quiet I can't close my eyes."

* * * * *

CONVENIENT.

D. D.: "You physicians do not as a rule believe in Providence, do you?"

M. D.: "Oh, yes; that's how we account for the cases we lose."

* * * * *

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

I am very superstitious,
And protest most loudly when
There are thirteen at a table,
And there's only food for ten.

* * * * *

Said the shopman so neat,
As I entered the door,

ON THE WRONG TACK.

"Dear me," said the lady visitor to the superintendent of the lunatic asylum, "what a vicious look that woman has we just passed in the corridor. Is she dangerous?"

"Yes, at times," replied the superintendent evasively.

"But why do you allow her such freedom?"

"We can't help it."

"Isn't she under your control?"

"No; she is my wife."

* * * * *

THAT SECOND LOOK.

TOM: "I fell in love at first sight."

JACK: "You did?"

TOM: "Yes, and then I took a second look."

* * * * *

Counsel (cross-examining complainant): "Was defendant's air when he promised to marry you perfectly serious, or one of levity and jocularity?"
Complainant: "If you please, sir, it was all ruffled with him running his hands through it."

* * * * *

HIGH TIME.

"Don't you think we had better send for the doctor?"

"What for?"

"Well, the baby is too well to last long."

* * * * *

"Will you, please, take a seat?"
Which I did—on the floor.

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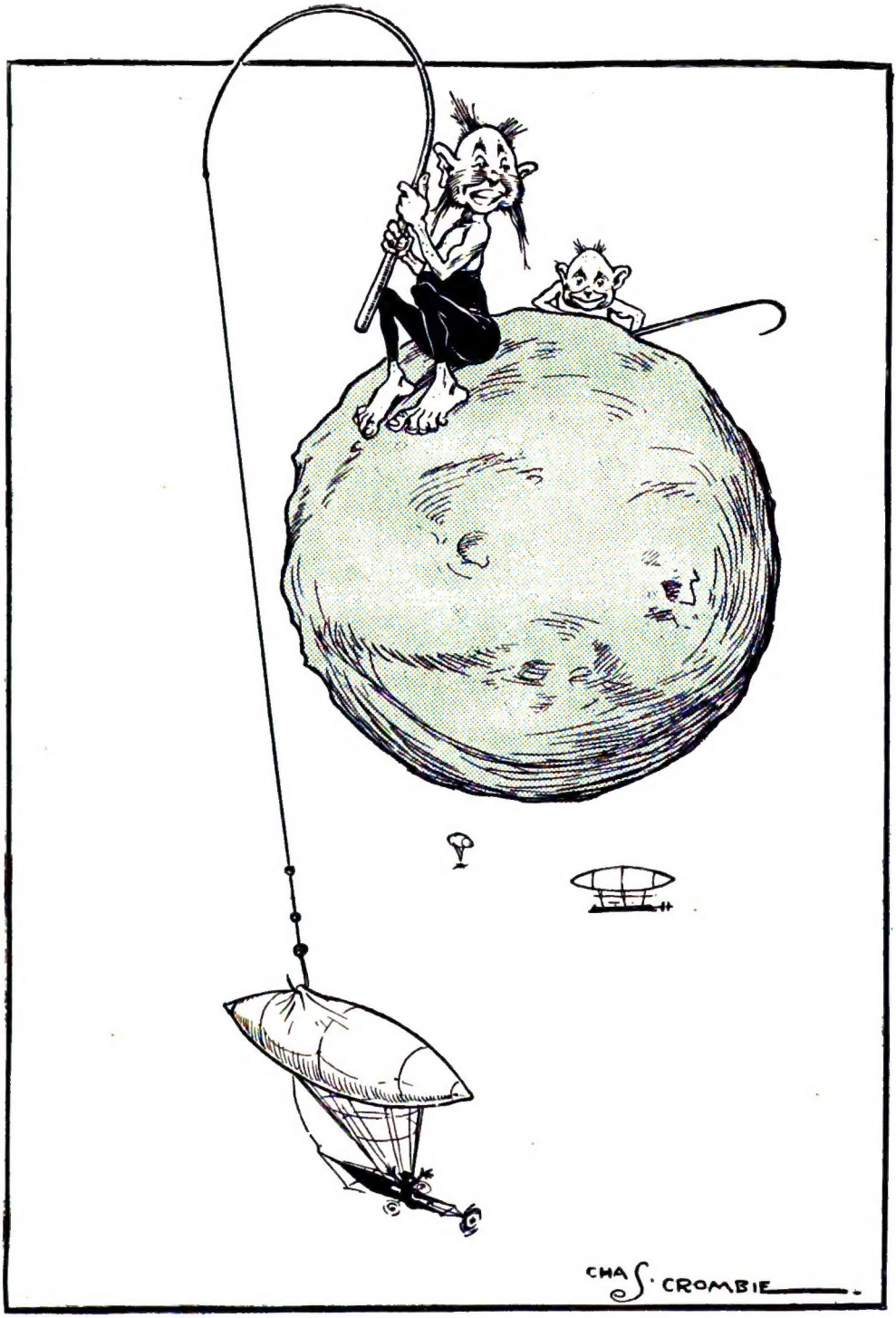

PA'S TIMES IN MARS A.D. 2000.

Papa Marsite: "Gee!!! Quick, Wizzy, fetch up the landing-hook! I've caught one of those queer fish we've seen so much about lately."

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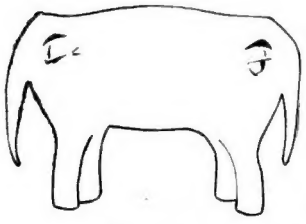

Mamma: "What are you trying to draw?"

Little Ethel: "An elephant."

Mamma: "Rather a difficult subject."

Little Ethel: "I'd rather draw elephants than anything else, because my friends can always tell what it is. They knows an elephant is the only animal with two tails!"

* * * *

ASTRONOMY.

"MARY, what are you sitting out in that cold porch for? Don't you know it's 11 o'clock."

"George and I are looking for the new comet, mamma."

"But the new comet is not due for several nights."

"Well, we are in no hurry, mamma."

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AFFAIRE DU CŒUR.

It was summer, joyous summer.
We were sweethearts. And we two
Spent the time in billing, cooing,
Just as other lovers do.
Oh, the future seemed all rosy,
Ne'er a cloud was in our sky;
She was happy, so she told me—
So was I.

It is winter, icy winter.
We are strangers. Ne'er again
Shall we ramble o'er the heather,
Or along the leafy lane,
For our brief romance is ended;
We have said our last good-bye;
She has found another sweetheart—
So have I.

W. J. Crosbie.

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AN EXCELLENT REASON.

LADY: "How long were you in your last place?"

COOK: "Two months."

LADY: "And why did you leave?"

COOK: "The family came back from their holidays, ma'am."

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A hint to elderly gentlemen who contemplate learning to skate.

A DOUBLED CIRCULATION.

Jones published his great novel, but no happiness was his,
And his scarcity of readers we deplore;
But a week ago he married, so he now contented is,
For he's twice as many readers as before.

HE KNEW AT ONCE.

TEACHER: "What is that which pervades all space; which no wall, or door, or other substance can shut out?"

JOHNNIE SHARP (who dwells in lodgings): "The smell of onions, miss."

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A BALLAD OF INK.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
May make a mighty ocean
And a pleasant land,
But there's a subject vaster still,
And finer, too, I think—
The blots and plots, and lovers' knots,
In little drops of ink.

Letters nice, and nasty,
From lovers and from duns;
Books and plays and poems,
Crude and clever ones;
The warrant for a man's arrest,
The pledge forswearing drink;
Bills and wills and other ills
Arise from drops of ink.

Nothing much to look at—
Black or red or blue;
Quite a harmless fluid,
Very simple too.
But as in water, you're aware,
A man may swim or sink,
Just so, you know, your weal or woe
May lurk in drops of ink.

Jessie Carr.

* * * *

A GENTLE REMINDER.

They were seated in the drawing-room conversing on the uncertainty of life.

SHE: "The future is a vast, unfathomable mystery to us, isn't it?"

HE: "Yes; all we know is that we have to go some time."

VOICE FROM THE LIBRARY: "It would suit the convenience of this household if you'd make it sooner than that."

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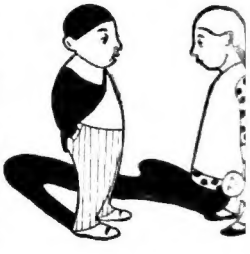
Small Boy: "Dickie Dart is the luckiest boy I know. He is always havin' somethin' nice happenin'. He went to the theatre last night."

Little Sister: "You often go, too."

Small Boy: "Yes, but there was a fire in this theatre, an' a awful panic, an' lots of people got crushed, an' he was there, an' saw th' whole business!"

Little Sister: "Where is he now?"

Small Boy: "In a hospital."



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